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American

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Goodwin



WAITING FOR A BITE.

Little Folks' Own:

STORIES, SKETCHES, POEMS, AND
PARAGRAPHS,

DESIGNED TO

AMUSE AND BENEFIT THE YOUNG.

BY



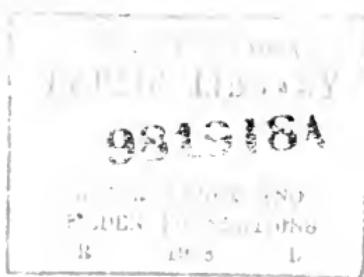
MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

BOSTON:

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TO

The Little Ones,

WHO DESIRE TO BECOME GREAT

IN KNOWLEDGE AND WORTH,

THIS BOOK,

AS A TOKEN OF TENDER LOVE,

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PREFACE.

To write for the interest and improvement of youthful minds is no idle task. The noblest authors have but the more ennobled themselves by contributing to this department of literature. Whether in joining their number, so far as concerns the preparation of this volume, I have undertaken that to which I am wholly unequal, remains to be seen.

By the evening fireside, in the garden nook, green field, or forest bower, child eyes brightening over the page, child lips telling verses o'er and o'er, till memory

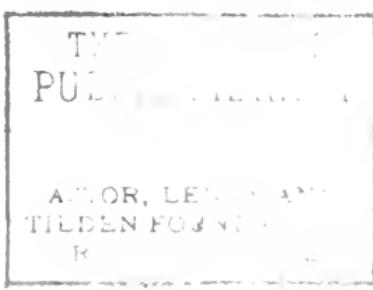
catches the strain, child hearts beating gladder and *better* for lessons here learned,—with hopeful fancy picturing to me these, I am already receiving a reward of my labor.

L. S. GOODWIN.

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POPPING CORN.

Little Folks' Own.

HOME PICTURE.

ONE autumn night, when the wind was high,
And rain fell in heavy plashes,
A little boy sat by the kitchen fire,
A-popping corn in the ashes ;
And his sister, a curly-haired child of three,
Sat looking on just close by his knee.

The blast went howling around the house,
As if to get in 'twas trying ;
It rattled the latch of the outer door,
Then seemed it a baby crying :
Now and then a drop down the chimney came,
And sputtered and hissed in the bright, red flame.

Pop ! pop ! the kernels, one by one,
Came out of the embers flying ;
The boy held a long, straight stick in his hand,
And kept it busily plying ;
He stirred the corn, and it snapped the more,
And faster jumped to the clean-swept floor.

A part of the kernels hopped out one way,
And a part hopped out the other ;
Some flew plump into the sister's lap,
Some under the stool of the brother :
The little girl gathered them into a heap,
And called them a flock of milk-white sheep.

All at once the boy sat still as a mouse,
And into the fire kept gazing ;
He quite forgot he was popping corn,
But looked where the fire was blazing ;
He looked, and fancied that he could see
A house and a barn, a bird and a tree.

Still steadily gazed the boy at these,
And pussy's back kept stroking,
Till his little sister cried, " Why, bub,
Only see how the corn is smoking ! "

Sure enough, when the boy looked back,
The corn in the embers was burnt quite black.

" Never mind," said he, " we shall have enough ;
Let's go from the fire and eat it ;
I'll carry the stools, and you the corn —
'Tis nice — nobody could beat it."

She took up the corn in her pinafore ;
They ate it all, nor wished for more.

THE PROBLEM.

EUGENE and Marvin Weston were cousins. Their fathers lived side by side, in cottages built after the same model. The boys, having been brought up much together, were like brothers; they shared each other's sports, and commonly owned jointly their boyish property, such as marbles, balls, and kites; their school studies, too, were always the same, for they were nearly of an age and had equal capacities for learning.

Both were interesting as children; but when they had grown to be lads, a considerable difference of disposition plainly appeared. While Marvin was industrious, frank, and generous, Eugene was indolent, and often artful and selfish; though in play he showed himself quite as active as his younger cousin, and could for a short time together seem every way as amiable.

If a piece of work was given them to do, Eugene contrived excuses for being idle about half the time, then, when the job was finished, claimed the credit of having done his half. At school he would look around the room more than

on his book, then during recitation would peep into his book, so slyly as not to be observed by the teacher, and read answers to the questions put to him. Once, at a neighbor's, he was handed four pears, and told that two were for himself, and the other two were to be carried home to his cousin Marvin. Two of the pears were very large, and two were quite small. The selfish lad kept for himself both the large ones, giving to his cousin only the small ones.

One summer, when Eugene was eleven years old and Marvin about ten, there visited the Weston families one with whom the brothers had formerly been warm friends, and who still, when many years had passed, remembered them with affection and esteem.

Mr. Grayley was lately from the West Indies, where he had spent the greater part of his life in acquiring riches, till, his health failing, he was obliged to give up business and return to his native soil. He was yet hardly past middle life ; but ceaseless cares, and finally sickness, added to residing for so long a period in a strange climate, had wrinkled his face, bleached his hair silver white, and made his form and step like those of one who is old.

This gentleman, who was very fond of young persons, at the close of his visit obtained a promise from their parents that Eugene and

Marvin should pass several days of their autumn vacation at his country seat. Mr. Grayley intended — though he kept it a secret — to make one of the boys his heir; for he had no family or near relations, and he felt that he should not long have use for his money himself. He had not fully decided in his mind upon which of the boys to bestow his fortune, but thought most favorably of Eugene, as having been named for him, and as being the oldest of the two.

The weeks went by, though not as rapidly as the lads would have had them, and the time for their visit to Mr. Grayley arrived. Greatly delighted were they with their two hours' ride in the cars, and still more with the beautiful residence of their host, who received them with as much fondness as if they were his own grandsons.

The house was by far the finest they had ever seen. It was large, containing many apartments, all furnished in the most tasteful and elegant manner. It stood retired from the dust and bustle of the street, and surrounded by a great variety of choicest ornamental trees, with flowering shrubs and plants. Then there were large fruit yards, whose trees bore abundantly every kind of fruit they had ever seen growing, and many kinds of which they could not tell the names. Even the most common sorts were of

so much larger size and richer flavor than they had ever seen before, as to make them quite a wonder to the youthful visitors. Among these were laid out long carriage drives, and gravelled walks, and narrow, winding grass paths; and here was a marble fountain, tossing in air its crystal spray; there a tiny lakelet, inhabited by gold fish and snow fish, and all beautiful fishes, and sailed over by tame, pretty ducks and graceful swans; and yonder a bridge of curious workmanship, spanning a musical brook, just below a miniature cascade. Throughout the grounds the boys had full liberty to go, picking flowers and fruit as they liked.

But of all fine things, that which afforded them most pleasure was a little study or play room which Mr. Grayley had caused to be built expressly for their convenience. It stood in the garden, just at the end of the summer house. The kind man had furnished it with a nice library of juvenile books, a cabinet of minerals, and apparatus to aid their studies, besides maps, pictures, and every variety of toy which they could wish.

There Mr. Grayley spent every morning with his little guests, instructing them in their studies and afterwards joining in their play. Often he took them to ride in an elegant carriage drawn by a pair of sleek, coal-black horses; he was

training them, too, to ride on horseback, an exercise of which they showed themselves extremely fond.

One day when the three, in the best spirits, dismounted at the door after a trot to town and back, said Eugene, —

“ When I go home I shall tease father to buy a saddle horse ; this kind of riding is the grandest I know any thing about ; don’t you say so, cousin ? ”

“ I like it as well as you can,” replied Marvin. “ I hope to have a horse some day, when I earn money to buy him with.”

“ Boys,” spoke Mr. Grayley, with smiling face, “ I have prepared a problem for you ; whichever will solve it without help, I will make him the present of a white pony.”

“ Do you really mean so ? ” asked Marvin, opening wide his eyes and looking up into the gentleman’s face. He thought Mr. Grayley’s offer could hardly be in earnest.

“ What ! ” exclaimed Eugene, “ a pony for my own, to take home and keep him always ? ”

“ Yes, my lads,” was the answer.

“ Please give us the problem,” said Marvin, with sparkling eyes.

“ I hope it isn’t very difficult,” said Eugene.

Mr. Grayley led the way into his library, and gave them the problem.

"Now get your slates and pencils," said he, "and do your best. I expect to be away till teatime; let me see which of you will have earned a white pony before my return. Perhaps," he added, as the lads turned to leave the room, "you had better go each by yourself; you will not then interrupt each other, and will likely be more diligent."

"I can go to our chamber," said Marvin.

"That's just where I'd rather go," said Eugene. "I can't study as well any where else."

"O, very well," returned his cousin; "I will take the garden room, only I supposed you would prefer that."

So he doubtless would, had not the other mentioned it; he usually fancied that he wanted whatever another thought of taking. Now, when he had been allowed his choice, he seemed to half wish that he had chosen the other place, or could occupy both the places at once; selfishness — as all evil propensities do if indulged — was getting more and more firmly rooted with him day by day.

Mr. Grayley, from having been much in the company of the lads since their visit began, had learned their characters better than before. He felt sorry to like Eugene less, yet could not help observing certain traits in his character which no person of sound principles would approve.

It was partly to test the boys' disposition for study that Mr. Grayley made the proposal he had ; he knew they both were capable, if they took hold in earnest, of finding the solution of the problem ; he hoped they both would do so, and was willing to encourage the boy students by giving the handsome reward he had promised. Indeed, his business from home that afternoon was to examine, with a view to purchase, two ponies of which he had heard.

With lagging, lazy motion Eugene went to his task, looked back over his shoulder as he passed up the stairs, and called first to the house-dog, lying stretched on the hall floor, then to a pet kid that was gazing in from the foot of the steps, and, finally, joined in and sung "Yankee Doodle" with a trained canary, whose cage was swinging from the bough of an apple tree near the back door. At the same time, his cousin was going to the garden room with eager steps, his earnest, working features showing his thoughts to be already deep in the problem.

Mr. Grayley observed them both, and began to doubt whether it would be wise to make Eugene his heir. He feared the lad's habits were such that he would never learn to properly use so much money ; and he had toiled too hard for it to like the idea of having it hereafter wasted in idleness.

When Eugene reached his chamber he sat down with slate and pencil and made a few figures carelessly, leaned out of the window and stared vacantly at every object within sight, then settled back in a doze, which lasted an hour or more. Rousing at last, when he could doze no longer, he took his pencil again, rubbed off his slate the figures he had made, and began anew, but with as little resoluteness as at first.

“Dear me!” he muttered with a long yawn, “I wonder what the old man could be thinking of, to give us the hardest problem in all creation. I don’t believe he can bring it out himself. What good does it do him to make me study so? Why couldn’t he as well give me the pony without it?”

For some time Marvin labored over the problem without success: The afternoon was warm, the hair on his forehead grew moist with perspiration, and he began to feel very tired. He straightened himself in his chair, drew a long breath, and shut his eyes for a moment. A voice then seemed to say to him,—

“It’s no use; you can’t solve it.”

“Yes, I can,” said he, replying to the imaginary voice; “I’ll see through it after I’ve rested a little.”

Going to a fountain, he drank of the clear water, and bathed his head till it was well cooled;

presently he returned to his study. It appeared clearer and easier now. Another quarter of an hour and his eyes brightened, his pencil moved nimbly. He saw through it; the smile on his lips became brighter and brighter as he wrought on.

“ I’ve mastered it! ” exclaimed he, at length, pushing his slate from him and springing up from the table, clapping his hands. “ There, that’s a pretty big problem; what will father say to my solving it all alone? I couldn’t have done it, I don’t think, when I first came here, but Mr. Grayley has been so good as to teach me! By and by,” continued the little fellow, feeling almost like a man, and a brave, learned man, too, “ there won’t be any problems that I can’t solve, for I’ll go into them like a hero.”

Marvin gave one long, glad look back at the slate, half covered on one side with figures, and rambled out into the garden to wait for teatime and Mr. Grayley’s coming. My little reader will not be surprised that he felt rich in the certainty of owning a pony; yet he more than once said to himself, that the satisfaction of having worked out the knotty thing was as much pay as he needed.

The afternoon was pretty nearly at an end, when Eugene, having dozed, read a little, looked at pictures on the wall and at the landscape from

the window, but not studied determinedly for five minutes together, left his chamber and went out to the garden room to see if his cousin prospered any better than himself. To make believe study, he took his slate under his arm, and his pencil between the thumb and fore finger of his right hand.

The door stood open; he went in; Marvin was not there. Looking around, Eugene saw his cousin's slate, where it had been left by him, on the table; and, on examination, found upon it the correct solution of the problem. He felt half vexed with his cousin for having accomplished what he, with the same amount of diligence, could have done as well. He would have to confess to Mr. Grayley that he had done nothing at all, while Marvin would exhibit his solution and get the white pony.

He thought a moment, looked carefully about him to be satisfied that he was alone, and noiselessly shut the door. Turning again to the table, he quickly copied on his own slate every mark which was upon the other. It was done; then the crafty lad stole hurriedly back to his bed chamber.

Shortly there was a ring for tea. Eugene, putting on a bold face, went down.

“Well, sir,” said he, as soon as he saw Mr. Grayley, “I’m ready for my pony.”

“ What ! ” said the gentleman, “ have you solved the problem ? ”

“ Yes, sir,” was the prompt answer.

“ You are sure you did it yourself alone, and have it correct ? ” said Mr. Grayley.

“ Yes, sir,” again responded Eugene. To his evil practices the boy had added the great sin of lying.

“ And how is it with you, my boy ? ” asked the gentleman of Marvin.

“ I’ve got the answer, too, sir,” returned he, smiling quietly.

Mr. Grayley helped the boys to cakes, and then asked, —

“ Well, masters, how is it ? Did you find the problem a hard one ? ”

“ O, no, easy ; easy enough,” answered Eugene.

“ I thought it hard,” said Marvin ; “ though, now that I understand it, it doesn’t seem so very hard.”

There was a short pause ; then Eugene asked, —

“ When shall I have my pony, Mr. Grayley ? ”

“ We will talk about it after supper,” was all that the gentleman said ; and he spoke in such an unusual tone as made Eugene blush, and, for a while, feel confused. He feared that Mr. Grayley knew of the deception he was practising ; but then he said to himself that it was

impossible any body should know of it, and so felt easier.

“How queer Mr. Grayley seems!” whispered Eugene to his cousin, as they rose from the tea table. “I should like to know if he doesn’t mean to give me the pony, after I have earned it fairly.”

“Get your slates, boys, and meet me in the library,” said Mr. Grayley.

They obeyed. He examined the solutions, and pronounced them correct.

“When shall we have the ponies, then?” asked Eugene with eagerness.

“Sit down, boys,” requested Mr. Grayley, in a serious tone; “I have a story to tell you.”

Marvin looked at him with glistening eyes; the gentleman had told them many interesting stories of life in the West Indies, and the boy supposed it was something of that kind he was about to hear. Eugene looked a trifle uneasy, and inquired,—

“Is it any thing about my pony?” To get the pony was all he cared for now.

“Yes,” replied Mr. Grayley, “it has reference to the ponies.” Then he began the story thus:—

“There was a man who had in his care two lads about the size and age of you two. He was fond of them, and desirous that they should

make rapid progress in their studies, devised various means to have their tasks pleasant."

"That's the person Mr. Grayley himself patterns after," thought Marvin, but kept silent.

"Sometimes," said the gentleman, continuing his story, "this man offered rewards to the boys for greater studiousness than common. Once, when he was expecting to be absent for some hours, he gave them a problem, promising to give to the one who should solve it without aid a white pony."

The cousins here looked at Mr. Grayley very earnestly; they began to perceive that it was of himself and them he was telling. The story went on:—

"The man believed they could both do it if they really tried, and tried a reasonable length of time, and he expected that they would try, not only for the sake of getting the ponies, but to benefit their own minds and to please him. Accordingly he went to a man who had two beautiful white ponies for sale, and engaged one or both of them, as he might want.

"The bargain being concluded, he returned home early. Taking a newspaper, he repaired to his summer house. At the end of the summer house was built a study and play room for the boys. There, through a window, could be seen the younger of the two lads, working

away at the problem with all diligence. After a while he found the true answer, and walked away into the garden, leaving his slate upon the table. Presently the other lad, who, it appeared, had been too indolent to study for himself, came in, saw the solution, copied it entire on his own slate, and afterwards presented it as his own work, not suspecting that the man had been in the summer house watching all that was done."

The story ended, and Eugene, who during the latter part of it had been hanging his head and growing very red in the face, put his hands to his eyes and burst into tears. Mr. Grayley again spoke :—

" You will both return home to-morrow," said he. " Your pony, Marvin, will be sent after you directly. As for you, Eugene, when I can be sure that you have reformed your practices, I may make you such a present; but not till then."

Mr. Grayley then dismissed the lads from the library, while he remained and wrote a letter to his friend, Mr. Paul Weston, informing him that he should make his son Marvin heir to all his estates.

ASHAMED OF WHAT?

“Ah, fie, Janie Fisher! Brought the baby out here to show her, you have.”

It was a boy who spoke. He was standing in a dirty lane with three or four other boys about his size, none of whom looked either very clean or very good. They all laughed, and pointed, and repeated, “Fie, brought the baby out to show it! O, fie, for shame!” and then laughed again. The little girl, thus made an object of ridicule, hung down her head and seemed much ashamed.

I knew Janie. Her mother was very ill, and had been a long while; and because her father was very poor, the baby could not have a hired nurse; so Janie, who not long ago was a baby herself, was obliged to take care of the little one a great part of the day.

She dearly loves her baby sister, and never complains of her task, though hardly an hour in all the week can she get for play with children of her own age; and I think her slender arms

must often ache, carrying such a burden as that fat baby.

Janie dropped her head, as I have said, and appeared to feel ashamed ; the child supposed, no doubt, because the others made fun of her, that she had done a silly thing, of which she *ought* to be ashamed. After a minute she turned and went away into the house again as fast as she could.

Had Janie been older and wiser she might have held up her head and asked those silly, naughty boys what harm there could be in it, if she *had* brought the baby out to show it, and have told them that it isn't wrong to love a little sister or brother so well as to wish others to see and love it too. The boys, and not Janie, had cause to feel ashamed.

SUNSET AT THE FARM.

WHITE as its sprinkle of wave-washed sands
Is the low, broad kitchen's oaken floor ;
An apple-tree by the porch expands,
Amply shading the wide-oped door.

Boughs, that bend with the fruit they bear
For dumplings feath'ry and cream-crust pies,
Shield the home of a redbreast pair
From high noon heats and wanton eyes.

First were the youngling pinions tried
To-day, in journeyings brief and coy ;
The parents this parting hour divide
"Twixt chirping counsel and singing joy.

Frolicking wild in the sunlight tips,
A snow-white kitten and jet-black dog
Roll close hugged over the woodpile chips,
And peep at each round the beechen log.

Grandmamma near, in her full-frilled cap,
Squats by the grate of the hencoop low,
Out from a basin, stayed on her lap,
Lading the chicks their supper of dough.

Crickets chirp under the doorstone old ;
Grasshoppers prate in the knotweed by ;
Above, in chariots airy rolled,
Are the miller, bee, and bottle fly.

Just where the garden and ryefield edge,
With flaxen hair and in homespun dressed,
A girl and boy in the gooseberry hedge
Hunt for the yellow hen's stolen nest.

With rolled-up sleeves, as a housewife skilled,
Smoothly out on the clover beds,
When wrung from tubs at the brook brim filled,
A matron the household linen spreads.

Round rock, through barway, guided with care,
Making across the stubble a road,
The stout red oxen and sleek gray mare
Move towards the barn with their fragrant load.

Slowly the laborers, heated, worn,
Out 'mong the hay since the morn's first beam,
With rake and fork upon shoulders borne,
Drinking the cool breeze, follow the team.

Kine nigh afield for the milkmaid wait ;
But one, starfaced, from among them stands,
Pushing hard at the massive farm-yard gate,
Twirling her horns with its stronger bands.

Answering loud to her well-known speech,
Her tethered calf, with a sturdy bound,
Once and again tries vainly to reach
The rich-hued milk that's dewing the ground.

Noisiless shuttles do spiders throw,
Now when the loom in the garret rests,
Over the greensward to and fro,
Weaving a tissue for fairy vests.

Vapors rise from the cedar marsh
Where frogs are a-peep and turtles cry,
And mingle notes of the nighthawk harsh,
Duskily circling against the sky.

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THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

JESUS is a Shepherd kind ;
All his gentle lambs he heeds —
Shelters them from storm and wind,
And to pleasant pasture leads.

- There are plenteous waters near,
Which have heard the “ Peace, be still ! ”
Ever cool and ever clear,
Where the flock may drink at will.

When the summer noontide glows,
He will grateful shade supply ;
There they all may find repose,
Safe beneath his watchful eye.

Ere in night the day doth hide,
And the beast of prey grows bold,
He will be their faithful Guide
Back to safety in the fold.

Such as weary by the way,
Or grow helpless from alarms,
He will tenderly convey
In his own protecting arms.

Those who follow him below
Soon shall gain the upper fold,
Where they nevermore shall know
Want or danger, heat or cold.

REMEMBER IT.

CHILDREN, as often as you speak at all, whether to each other or to any one, speak politely. When you wish to be helped to any thing, do not bluntly say, "I want this," or "Give me that," but begin with "Please," or "Be so kind."

Some boys—and it makes me still more sorry to say girls, too—are in the habit of catching up all the coarse, vulgar words and expressions they hear, and making use of them.

What a bad habit that is! Children who do so are never loved so well as they would be if they did better. The use of coarse language is likely to lead to the use of profane language, just as beer drinking leads to brandy and rum drinking. Do not use one such word. If you have used any such, leave them off quickly as you can.

THANKSGIVING AT FARMER WHITE'S.

“O, BROTHER Cyrus, the sky is clear as a bell!” exclaimed Gracie White, peeping into the lad's bed chamber early on Thanksgiving morning.

“Cleared off, has it? Good!” responded Cyrus, roused out of a sound sleep by his sister's words. He threw back the bedclothes, sprang up on his elbow, and rubbed his eyes with both hands, as if meaning to presently be wide awake. “Now,” he continued, “ain't we glad it snowed yesterday and made sleighing! They'll all be sure to come, Gracie.”

“I think so,” said the sister; “so we see that we had our worry about the storm all for nothing. You know, grandmother told us that ‘All's for the best,’ and ‘There's no knowing what a day may bring forth.’ We must try, next time, to bear it in mind, as aunt Lizzie says; mus'n't we, Cyrus?”

The boy, however, was too young to think about drawing useful hints from every-day occurrences; so, without replying to Gracie, he

went on speaking joyfully of what a grand day they would have, and continued to talk after his sister had shut his door and gone, and there was none but himself to hear.

“O, won’t Benny, and ’Rasmus, and I roll up a snowball big as a house! and won’t we draw little Milly on my sled! and — hurrah! what a time we’ll have sliding down hill this evening! Hurrah! hurrah!” he shouted again and again, while he held up each of his feet by turns to draw on his stockings, barely managing to keep his balance upon one foot — “hurrah! hurrah!”

“I want to see aunt Myra’s new baby more than all the rest,” said Gracie, joining her brother as he came down stairs.

In the large kitchen, Mrs. White, the mother of Grace and Cyrus, and old Mrs. White, their grandmother, were busily preparing breakfast. Mr. White, the children’s father, sat amusing their little sister on his knee; and their grandfather, old Mr. White, was in his arm chair, with his spectacles on, and the family Bible open before him.

“I knew you was frying chickens,” said Cyrus to his mother. “I smelt them before I came down.”

“O, how I love fried chickens!” said Gracie.

The chickens soon smoked on the table among all the other nice things, and the family, old and

young, took seats around. The whitehaired grandfather, clasping his withered hands and lifting his pious eyes, besought that God would bless the food before them ; then all were helped round and ate heartily. Meantime the older ones conversed, and the younger ones listened quietly ; and, though Grace and her brother could not understand all that was said, they understood so much as to feel that it was God who had kept them all alive until another pleasant holiday, and that they ought to be thankful to him with their whole hearts.

An hour later the father was at his barn, feeding and watering the cattle ; and Gracie stood in the front door watching her brother clear away, with a fire shovel, the light snow between the steps and the gate. The old gentleman employed himself with building a rousing fire in the spare room ; for, he said, 'twas best to give it time to get thoroughly warmed before any body came ; 'twould be a bad affair if some of the company should catch cold and have a run of fever on account of the spare room being damp or chilly. Miss Lizzie, having risen early and been so industrious as to complete the chamber work before breakfast, was dusting furniture in the spare room, looking and feeling very happy, like all the household. The two Mrs. Whites were briskly at work clearing up the kitchen ;

and the baby was delighting herself with a gray pussy, which had chosen its station in the foot of the child's cradle, and continued its good-natured purr-purr in spite of ungentle pats and pulls—a kind of treatment which the little one did not then know but was right; which, however, she afterwards learned to be wrong.

Eleven o'clock came, and found the business of the morning completed. The cellar closets and pantry shelves were all occupied with brown bread and white bread loaves, milk pans heaped with great, tender, twisted doughnuts, pumpkin pies, mince pies, apple pies, and pies of every known variety.

The late pride of the farm yard—he that was held in awe by all his feathered acquaintances—had gabbled his last gabble, and, shorn of his dignities, stuffed as he had never been stuffed in all his gluttonous lifetime, was slowly crisping beside a mammoth plum pudding in the spacious brick oven.

The younger members of the White family were gathered around the windows which looked into the road, casting their eyes up and down, awaiting, not quite patiently, the arrival of the guests. And now the jingling of sleigh bells brings forth an exclamation of joy from every lip. Before there was time to guess who it would prove to be, two fine horses, with frosty

sides, and a gayly-painted sleigh dashed up to the front gate.

"A city team!" exclaimed the old gentleman.
"That's the boys and their families."

He still called his sons *boys*, though the youngest had passed by his twenty-fifth year. Grandpa forgot his rheumatism, and got to the door as quickly as any one.

Some half a dozen persons, great and small, alighted; and such shaking of hands, such hearty kisses, such glad words and merry laughter followed as are unknown beyond the limits of Thanksgiving land.

These earliest visitors were but just comfortably seated when Master Cyrus, who had resumed his lookout, cried, —

"Hurrah! there come aunt Myra and uncle Charles, and their bran-new baby. 'Tis them — I know 'tis."

The lad was right. The shaking hands, kissing, and all that, had now to be gone through with again, as it did several times more in the course of the next hour or two. The wee thing, just receiving its first notions of Thanksgiving day, was eagerly brought forth from the centre of a mass of warm blankets, and hugged every bit it could bear.

"Who did it look like?"

In regard to this matter, opinions differed very

much. Myra said she had always thought he looked like his grandfather; and Charles said it was looking more and more like its grandma every day. The old lady asserted that it was the very picture of Myra when she was a baby; while the old gentleman protested that he should have known it for Charles's boy if he'd seen it in France. Miss Lizzie declared it was handsomer than all the family put together. While they were talking about it, Mrs. O'Conner, an Irish neighbor, came in at the back door "to be after askin' for cowld mate," she said. Miss Lizzie caught up the baby from its mother's lap, and, running into the kitchen, held it up before Mrs. O'Conner, and asked her to say who it looked like.

"Sure, then," returned she, "and is it Myra's purty one? What a darlint! Ah, Miss Lizzie, it's eyes are lookin' the picter of old Bose's eyes, yer housedog, that's jist dead and gone, Hiven rist his sowl. It's meself as most cried me eyes out whin he died. And the baby is sich a beauty, is it!" and the old woman squeezed the pin-ball hand and kissed the little watery mouth.

There was a great laugh when Lizzie went back to the company and repeated what Mrs. O'Conner had said about the baby.

Then all together tried to search out a name

for the little son ; for the parents had said that it had no name, and that they would feel greatly obliged to whoever would present it with one. Grandpa wanted it should have a Bible name ; Miss Lizzie, its youngest aunty, wanted it should be given a romantic name ; and somebody else cared only for a name that was easy to speak. Almost every thing was mentioned, but nothing agreed on ; and dinner time arrived.

To relate further particulars might make too long a story ; yet we will add, that every one of the company, the children included, enjoyed to the end that Thanksgiving day quite as much as any one had anticipated.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

'TWAS the evening next to Christmas ;
Little Mertie Arrowhill
Hung her stocking on the bedpost
For good Santa Claus to fill.

Mertie dreamed all night about it ;
And she more than once or twice
Thought she heard the old man's footsteps,
When 'twas only spreeing mice ; —

Till she wondered if the fishes,
Covered up the sands among,
Out of reach of pleasant sunshine,
Felt the winter half so long.

Then at last her eyes she opened,
As the night was stealing out,
And she sprang up from the pillow,
Looking eagerly about.

Very plump appeared her stocking,
Plump at top, and toe, and heel ;
Warm and soft as hasty pudding,
When she touched it, did it feel.

What could Santa Claus have brought her ?
Asked the child with curious awe ;
Slyly peeped she in the stocking,
And what think you Mertie saw ?

Why, her tiny, spotted kitten,
With its half-shut, yellow eyes.
It began to purr; and Mertie,
Laughing, cried, "O, what a prize!"

But down in the stocking deeper,
When Miss Kitty had crept out,
Mertie found the toys which some time
I will tell you all about.

NEW YEAR'S.—THE COASTERS.

“JAMES,—James Wilson,—come over and see what my father gave me; come quick! Ho! ho!”

It was a boy who called. His name was Freddy Lincoln.

“Wish you a happy new year!” cried his young neighbor, James Wilson, as he came running over to Mr. Lincoln's yard, where Fred was. It was New Year's morning, quite early.

“I wish you a happy new year, too,” returned Freddy; “only I didn't think to say it first. See here! this sled's mine! My father just gave it to me.”

“Did he?” said James. “It's pretty. And see here! *my* father gave *me* a quarter, and told me I might go down to Brown's and buy me a sled; 'cause it's New Year's day, and a capital time to coast. I was just going down to get it. Go with me, won't you?”

“Yes, James,” replied Fred; “I will go. I've got leave to play all day long, 'cause it's New Year's.”

So the boys went together to Mr. Brown's store, and James bought for himself a nice, green sled. Then he and Fred, as pleased as they could be, ran away to the hillside near by. For a fortnight they had thought of nothing so much as coasting; and now each boy thought his father very kind to provide him with a sled and allow him an entire day for play.

It was a clear, bright morning; the snow was smooth, and almost as hard as ice.

“We shall have a merry time of it,” said Freddy, as they drew their sleds to the top of the hill.

“I don’t think I shall go home to dinner,” said James.

“Now let’s see which will get to the bottom first,” cried both together, as they seated themselves on their new sleds; and away they went as swiftly as if drawn by a reindeer.

There was a brook at the foot of the hill, but no one who had never been there before would have guessed it, for it was frozen over, and the snow lay upon it as deep and smooth as any where else. Here both sleds came to a stand at the same instant, and the riders sprang to their feet.

“Isn’t this rare sport?” asked James.

“I had like to have lost my breath,” said the other, laughing.

Just as they had done talking about how wet they would get their feet if they were to stand in summer where they then were, and had turned to go up the hill again, two larger boys came along, and called out, in a way that no little gentlemen would have done,—

“ Halloo, there! coasting, hey? Well, we should like to try it; so you youngsters may just give up your sleds and wait till your betters are served.”

“ The sleds are ours; our fathers bought them for us this very morning,” said James.

“ You sha’n’t touch them; you’ve no right to,” screamed Freddy, in a rage.

“ Yes, we will, though,” replied the other boys; and, pushing Freddy and James aside, they took the sleds and started for the top of the hill.

“ I will go and tell my father,” said James, almost ready to cry; and he ran away towards the house.

“ I’ll break your skull, Bill,” shouted Fred at the top of his voice to the lad who had taken his sled; and he looked about for something to throw, but could find nothing. At last, with the heel of his stout boot, he broke up a large piece of the frozen snow, and, seizing it in his hands, he scrambled part way up the hill, and waited for the coasters to come down. In a moment,

along they came, as swiftly as James and he had done a few moments before.

Just as William was flying past him, with a loud halloo, Fred raised his weapon, intending to dash it at his head ; but, his feet slipping, he fell with great force. His face, coming directly upon the lump of frozen snow, which had dropped from his hands, was cut so much that when his father, who just then reached the spot, lifted him up, the blood was streaming from several places. His shoulder, too, which had come in contact with the flying sled, was badly bruised: James, on his way home, had met Mr. Lincoln and told him the trouble.

Of course Freddy was in great pain ; but he felt ashamed to cry, for he knew his father must have seen how the accident happened. William and his companion, who had taken the younger boys' sleds by force, looked very much ashamed, too, when they saw Mr. Lincoln, and begged pardon for their rudeness, promising never again to act so naughty.

“ We ought to have asked for the sleds kindly,” said they ; “ and then, we dare say, Freddy and James would have lent them to us for a little while. It was very wrong in us to take them as we did.”

Mr. Lincoln took Freddy home and gave him some good advice against trying to revenge our-

selves on those who injure us. It is always safer to ask some one who is older and wiser to take our part, as James did.

Poor Freddy could not go out to coast again for a week; and after that he always remembered that it is better to *suffer* wrong than to *do* wrong.

HOW SUSY DID.

I WAS sitting by my window the other morning, and saw little Susy going down the street. She had been sent to the store, and was now on her way home with some parcels in her hands.

Thomas is a little boy whose parents live just across the street from my home. He was standing outside his father's gate, whittling, trying to make a crossbow. Susy, as she went past, looked at him and smiled pleasantly. Instead of smiling back, Thomas looked after her a moment, dropped his knife and stick, and, running up behind Susy, put both hands against her and gave her as hard a push as he could. Susy turned round, and Thomas ran back a few steps, laughing loudly. Then, as soon as she went forward, he would run up again and give her another rude push. This he did three or four times, when Susy turned back, still smiling, and, holding out one of her hands towards him, said,—

“Come, Thomas, go with me a little ways, and I will tell you something.”

The boy hung his head, and I am sure felt ashamed of his conduct when he heard Susy speak so mildly. He waited a minute, then walked gently up and put his hand in Susy's, and she led him along — telling him a pretty story, I have no doubt.

Thomas must be a very bad boy if ever he behaves so unkindly again towards any one. But if Susy had grown angry, and struck Thomas, or called him hard names, would he have been made better by it? Children ought always to be gentle towards each other. I hope, if any of my young readers are treated as Susy was, they will do as Susy did.

WILLIE AND HIS DOG.

LITTLE Willie had a dog ;
The dog loved Willie too ;
For little Willie never did
As bad boys sometimes do.

He never pulled his Carlo's ears, —
That was the puppy's name, —
Nor did he give the creature blows
When to his side he came.

But every day he fed him well,
And said, " Good fellow, Carl ! " —
And patted him ; and so the dog
Would never bite or snarl.

It would have made you laugh to see
The dog and Willie play ;
Often they frolicked in the barn,
Climbing upon the hay ; —

Willie would say, " Now, shut your eyes ; " —
Carlo would quick obey ;
Then Willie crept away to hide
Deep in the mow of hay.

And when he thought himself quite snug,
" Come, Carlo ! " he would shout ;
And Carlo, with his strong fore paws,
Would quickly dig him out.

O, then the dog would frisk about,
And leap and bark for joy ;
Willie would laugh and clap his hands —
So played the dog and boy.

But Willie more than half believed
That Carlo peeped to see ;
Else how could Carlo every time
Find him so readily ?

But I suspect the way it was,
He *smelt* what course to go ;
The sense of smell is more acute
In dogs than boys, you know.





THE SILVER BROOK.

I MIND the spot behind the cot
That smiled amid the corn,
Where I, a child, by the leafing wild,
Was wont, in the sunny morn,
For the first-oped buds of spring to look,
By the velvet rim of the silver brook.

And there we played in sun and shade,
Bub, and sissy, and I,
Thinking it morn till the shrill-mouthed horn
Bade us to dinner hic ;
So fleet was time in the playhouse nook,
Where the bluebird sang, by the silver brook.

Oft startling there the silk-coat hare,
The mother partridge too,
O, many a shout our lips sent out,
Till echo rang " Halloo !"
Our life was gay as a picture book,
When it flew by hours at the silver brook.

'Neath Autumn's tread the ground was spread
With carpet of dappled leaves,
And beech nuts brown came pattering down
Like rain from our cottage eaves ;
Ha ! squirrel thieves from our baskets took,
'To store their home by the silver brook.

THE LITTLE BEGGARS.

Two beggars are at the door, mamma,
Two beggars are at the door ;
A beggar boy and a beggar girl,
And the wind is biting, at every whirl,
Their feet all naked and sore.

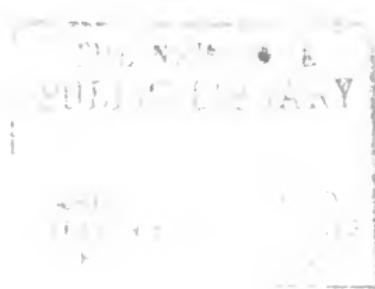
O, hasten and bring them in, mamma,
O, hasten and bring them in ;
And let them sit by this fire so warm,
For they have been out in the cold, cold storm,
And their clothes are tattered and thin.

And tell them this is their home, mamma,
Yes, tell them this is their home ;
And give them something to eat that's nice,
Of bread and butter a good large slice,
And bid them no more to roam.

For isn't it all too bad, mamma,
Say, isn't it all too bad,
That they must starve, or beg in the street,
No cloaks to their backs, nor shoes to their feet,
While I am so finely clad ?

It may be God sent them here, mamma,
It may be God sent them here,
And now looks down from his home in the sky,
To watch them, and see whether you and I
Are kind to his children dear.





And will he not angry be, mamma,
And will he not angry be,
If we let them go on in the storm so rough,
To perish with want, while more than enough
For them and for us have we ?

And still they wait at the door, mamma,
The beggars wait at the door ;
Please, ma, do open and let them in ;
Their feet are bare, and their clothes are thin ;
They are shivering more and more

HERBERT LEARNING.

MOTHER, when I came from the mill,
By the way where the cattle pass,
Saw I, all in the evening still,
Stars a-shoot in the meadow grass.

Bright as any up in the sky,
Ones, and twos, and dozens stars,
Darting aside, and low, and high,
Saw I over the pasture bars.

Close along by the river side ;
Lighting the grape vine on the wall ;
Specking the cranberry acre wide ;
Through the flags and the rushes tall ; —

All about me, stars were a-shoot —
Quick I looked to the sky o'erhead ;
Never a one could be left, I thought,
For lamp to the angels going to bed.

But they twinkled above the same,
Just as many, and just as bright ;
Tell me, mother, from where they came,
The stars I saw in the grass to-night.

NOTE.—Little Herbert had never spent an evening in the country till now, when his mother took him to visit at his grandpa's ; that was the reason that he mistook fireflies for stars.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

It stood aloof from other buildings,—that brown, decaying cottage,—as if it shunned the companionship of its kind. The road seemed to have run away from the ruin, and no longer came within a quarter of a mile; once it passed so near that the wheels of vehicles, as they rolled along, might have grazed against the broad, rude doorstone.

Distinct traces of the old highway remained, but it was well overgrown with plantain and sorrel, with here and there a contentious-looking thistle and commanding mullein, and was crossed, at intervals, by high bars or a wide gate, which were seldom seen let down or thrown open except during the autumn months, when the farmer, attending his loaded wain, found there a convenient pass from the harvest field to the barn and granary.

The lone house was completely hedged about by raspberry briars of giant growth, intermingled with clumps of sunflowers so tall that they seemed propping up the low eaves. The shin-

gles were mossy and the clapboards velvety with age. The outer door had lost its lower hinge, and settled heavily upon the floor, always standing sufficiently ajar to admit a person.

We school children could none of us remember the time when any body lived in the old house ; but we had heard our parents speak of a Mr. Foss who had lived and died there. Because this man had been its last tenant, it was still called by his name, and known as "the Foss house."

How dreary and strange it always appeared! Not an article of furniture was there in any of the rooms ; never a blaze in the great, stone fireplace of the kitchen ; and no curtains at the windows, save what spiders, with none to molest or make them afraid, summer after summer had woven. The stairs and shelves showed that it was long since any hand had dusted them.

Nothing was there to be feared, certainly ; but we little girls — timid things that we were — felt a vague dread as often as we approached the desolate home. Very likely, in the first place, we made ourselves afraid by pretending to be afraid when we were not, and by trying to scare each other — which we were sometimes foolish enough to do.

I never went within alone, nor did any one of my little mates, I am sure. But in a company

we often rambled over to the cottage ; and many a good play did we have there — so fine we thought it to have a whole house to ourselves, with nobody to check us or care, though we made as much noise as, if made at home, would nearly have crazed our mothers.

So, many an hour, we raced and chased, down stairs and up stairs, through the garden grown over with high weeds, and among the stunted trees of the orchard. How our talk and laughter rang through the empty rooms ! and how, when we called out suddenly, the curious echo came back to our ears !

It was, however, only in the broad light of day, when together we would fearlessly have gone to read cousin Laura's epitaph away in the farther part of the graveyard — only then, that we ventured under the mouldering roof. We could not have told why, for there was no reason why ; but not the bravest among us would for any thing have gone in at that half-open door when the sun had lain down to sleep on his bed in the west, when the frogs were peep-peeping in the neighboring marsh, and the nighthawk was slowly sailing and shrilly screaming overhead.

With all the freedom we enjoyed on those forsaken premises, there was one room, a small, windowless bed chamber on the ground floor, the latch of whose door our hands never lifted.

We fancied that we were afraid to enter; it was the same in which the former occupant of the house had breathed his last. A capital place, when we played hide and seek, that room would have been to hide in; but we never used it, never did more than to speak of it as "the dark bed room." We might have thought it the "blue chamber" of our story book; we shunned it in a way that Bluebeard must have highly approved.

One beautiful June sunset, a party of us girls having been to Strawberry Hill, where we had filled and heaped our pails and basins with the delicious scarlet fruit, were returning by the old road which led past the Foss house.

It was not a time to think of fear, but it was too late to stop for play; so, chatting and laughing as gleeful as the birds whose mellow notes floated down to us from the full-leaved maple grove, we were going straight past the old dwelling.

When just opposite, Lizzie, and Mina, and, I think, Lucy, sat down quickly their dishes of strawberries, and, asking the rest of us to "wait a minute," ran round the house to the neglected garden, where flourished one single rosebush, now blushing all over with bursting buds and wide-opened flowers.

Hardly were they out of sight when a strange, very strange noise, which seemed to come from

within the house, was heard by us who waited in the road. We started, looked at each other, and silently listened. It would be nothing new if Lizzie and the others were trying to frighten us; but the question was, How could they make so singular a noise? It continued; and the next moment our little friends came running back to us, scattering the roses in their haste, and looking as wild as sudden fright could make them.

“What *is* it?” cried all; and none answered. One more look we gave the old house, then, with one accord, started off like a drove of prairie horses at the approach of the capturer with his lasso; nor did we pause until one had lost her bonnet, another a shoe, and a third let fall the dish from her hand and spilled all her berries in the thick grass.

Want of breath, if nothing else, would have compelled us to stop when we did; and we were at a distance which warranted us in feeling a good degree of safety, whatever was the cause of alarm, especially as a backward look assured us that nothing was in pursuit.

“It sounded, for all the world, like my brother John’s windmill,” said Lizzie Mann, dropping down on the grass to rest.

“*I* thought,” said Sophy Willey, fanning herself briskly with her sun bonnet, “it sounded just like my aunt Betsey a-stirring cream.”

Thus, one after another, and sometimes two or three together, we expressed ourselves respecting the strange sound, yet came no nearer deciding what it could have been. But now Anna Blain, who had not spoken before, looked round on us all with a solemn face, and said,—

“The house is haunted!”

How every eye stared at Anna! She was older, a year or two, than any other of our number; and because she was oldest, we looked upon her as being wisest. She commonly directed our opinions, and always our plays and plans. So all listened with the deepest attention, while she went on to say, earnestly,—

“I tell you what it is, girls, the ghosts and things breed in the dark bed room and spread over the house just to suit themselves. I wonder they haven’t caught us and made us into skeletons.”

We all wondered. But little Sara Grant, who stood bent down to tie her shoe, but had not moved a finger since Anna began to speak, asked, timidly,—

“What makes you think the house is haunted?”

“What else can we think?” returned Anna, and added, “I’ve thought so before to-night, though. I thought so, first, because it looks exactly like a house I’ve heard grandma’m tell

about, that was haunted, over to Barbersville, when she lived there. You all come here to-morrow night, right away after supper, and I'll tell over the awful stories that she tells about ghosts and apparitions. But mind you don't any of you tell your mothers nor any of the folks one word about the noise we heard ;" and Anna took a promise from each of us that we would not tell.

She feared, no doubt, that our parents or older sisters would be able to account, on some natural principle, for the noise which had so frightened us, or at least convince us that there were no ghosts and apparitions ; in which case she could be our oracle no longer. The sun was set. We refilled Myra's basket by little contributions from our dishes, and hastened home.

The next afternoon, and the next, and a third, and a fourth, we assembled in sight of the Foss house and listened to the stories which Anna Blain had promised us. They were frightful enough, to be sure, and as ridiculous as frightful ; but, at the time, we did not so much see their ridiculousness, and often our ears tingled and our hair seemed rising on our heads while we heard.

But after Anna had told, several times apiece, all the ghost stories she had heard or could invent, they ceased to scare or interest us ; then

we ventured near the old house again, even up to the walls. Not the slightest sound came from within ; and, after long parleying, daring each other, and severally boasting of our courage, we entered, in spite of Anna's remonstrances.

No trace of mischief appeared ; and Miss Anna's best efforts failed to make us believe that the echoes of our shoutings were real voices from the dark bed room. Nothing disturbed us, and we had our play out. We enjoyed it better than ever ; it was so good to know that the spirits had not finally driven us out and taken full possession of the place.

The day following, we again set off for the old house. As we neared the door, I heard a low mewing behind me, and perceived my white kitty — she had been a kitten two years or more — scrambling through the grass close to my feet.

It was curious that she had followed so far. For fear she might get lost, I took her in my arms, and carried her with me into the house. In seeming gratitude, she purred and lovingly rubbed her head against my shoulder.

None of us had gone farther than the kitchen, and had been there only a very few moments, when, all at once, that strange, flapping, fluttering, windmill, stirring-cream sound came to our ears with full force, frightening us more than I can describe. Every one of us stared at the

wide chimney and said not a word. Kitty raised her white ears, sprang from my arms into the fireplace, leaped up, and was out of sight in an instant.

I had just time to wonder if she was spirited away, when down she came with a swallow in her mouth, and, darting into a corner, began to growl and devour her prize; in the same breath, the nest, formed of sticks and clay, like Gill in the nursery tale, came tumbling after. The fluttering sound had grown louder and louder, but no longer sounded fearfully to us, for now we knew just what it was. Several of us bounded to the fireplace, calling out,—

“Anna Blain! Anna Blain! O, here are your ghosts! here are your apparitions. Only look up the chimney! it’s alive with swallows.”

Then, in our triumph, we rushed to the door of the dark bed room, and threw it wide open. It proved to be as vacant as any room in the house. The spell was broken; our senseless fears never came back to us.

We left the old house that night, saying to each other that it was a pity we didn’t have as much courage and wisdom as a cat; for we saw that, if we had had, we should never have made so great an ado about a flock of busy chimney swallows.

“NOT RIDE WITH A SWEARER.”

THE golden sun had lately set in the west. At the same time the moon, with her beautiful silver light, arose in the east, and, soaring upward higher than the hill tops, higher than the highest leafy trees, smiled down on all the pretty flowers, quiet waters, broad fields, and drowsy towns.

The robins, and martins, and wrens, and peewits, and other plumed songsters had just ended their sweet concert, and gone to their homes amid the thick boughs, there to sleep and be refreshed, and, at the first distant footfall of rosy morning, to awake and renew their song of praise. The many, many bright stars glistened in the deep-blue sky as if they were the eyes of all the dear, happy children who had ever gone up to God.

Annette Anson, with face mild as the moon's face, with lips like the rosebuds that waved close beside her, with a voice like the sweetest of the bird voices, and hair like the dark vine shadows clustering and parting in the breeze of evening,

leaned against a pillar of her father's piazza, looking so gentle and so good.

I am sure there was not one in the whole village who did not love Annette. Some, perhaps, loved her merely because she was beautiful ; but the best love she received was from those who greatly prefer good behavior to handsome features. Annette meant to do right always, whether her parents could see her, or whether they or any body who cared could ever know about it.

The child was looking at her very long shadow, which, as the moon was yet low, stretched across the piazza and out into the garden, and thinking, if she was really as tall as that made her, what a giantess she should be, when she heard sounds that called her attention to the street.

George Morris and Arthur Winn were hastening towards the house, each drawing a small carriage, in which, when the weather was stormy or the walking very wet, Annette had often been given a ride to school. She was scarcely five years old yet, and the boys were eight or nine.

George and Arthur had been playing on the green ; and, as they were going to their homes, which were near together, one of them said, —

“ I mean to get my wagon, and go over to Mr. Anson's, and give Nettie a ride, if she hasn't gone to bed — it's so beautiful to-night ! ”

Then the other boy said,—

“I was just thinking of doing that. Nettie is a good little girl, and I haven’t seen her since vacation commenced.”

It would have been better had one of the boys given up his intention and waited another chance to draw little Annette; but neither did; they took their carriages and hurried towards Mr. Anson’s, each trying to get there first, but getting there, as we saw, at the same minute. Seeing Annette, both called to her eagerly,—

“Come, Nettie; go ride with me.”

“I’ll ask my mother if I may,” replied she, and skipped into the house. In a minute or two Annette returned with her pink cape bonnet on, and said, in a pleased tone, “She says I may go a little while.”

“Well, then, go with *me*,” cried George.

“No, no,” said Arthur; “go with *me*, Nettie.”

The little girl did not know what to do, not liking to disappoint either of the lads who were so kind to her; so she paused on the steps, looked at one carriage and at the other, and said nothing.

“Don’t go with him, Nettie—don’t,” begged George; “but go with me. You remember what I gave you yesterday.”

“And just you see what I’ll give you to-day,” said Arthur, “if you’ll only ride with me. See

here." He had drawn from his pocket a roll of lozenges, and now held it out for Annette ; but she did not take it, for George again spoke.

" O, you don't care for that, Nettie, do you ? I've got money enough to buy five times as much confection as there is."

" And I," said Arthur, becoming excited, " have got money enough to buy ten times — yes, a hundred times — as much."

" Who cares ? " returned George, rather angrily. Turning to Annette, he added, " My sister says you're the prettiest girl she ever saw."

" Well," said Arthur, quickly, " my sister will say so too, soon as she's old enough to talk. If I had fifty sisters, they'd all say so."

Annette still hesitates, willing to please both, and wishing to offend neither. George tries another way.

" I read in a higher class than he does, for all he's two months the oldest. Did you know that, Nettie ? "

" O, he don't — he don't — no such thing ! " cried Arthur, in louder tones.

" I do, just as true," assured George.

" Nettie ! " exclaimed Arthur, now really angry, " he lies like — "

We will not repeat the word he ended with ; it was a naughty, wicked one.

" O, what a bad boy ! " cried Annette. " I'll

not ride with a boy that swears, now or ever. George, I'll ride with you."

So she sprang into George's carriage, and was rolled away in triumph. Arthur gazed after them with sorrowful looks till they turned a corner and went out of sight, then wheeled his own carriage and drew it empty away towards his home. He gazed down at the ground as he went, seeming to feel abashed no less than disappointed. We hope he repented of having used a bad word, and resolved never to use another.

GONE A-FISHING.

On a Monday morning,
Cold and blustery,
Wasn't it a funny
Sight for one to see
Little cousin Harry,
'Mid the kitchen din,
Fishing in the wash tub
With a bent-up pin ?

Dignified and patient,
There the angler stood,
Not a whit disturbed by
Betty's fretful mood ;
While she scrubbed and scolded,
He, in mute delight,
Watched his fishing tackle —
Waited for a bite.

While against the windows
Drives the frozen rain,
With a thread of cotton
Tied to papa's cane,
In the great blue wash tub,
With a bent-up pin,
Little Harry's fishing,
'Mid the kitchen din.

THE MARTYR CHILD.

UNBROKEN still upon his face
Was childhood's tender seal ;
Yet he had read what God has said,
“ Thou shalt not steal.”

And well he knew that even the young
To him obedience owe ;
For parents dear taught him the fear
Of God to know.

One sunset through the pleasant fields,
With happy heart he went ;
The cows to bring from pasturing
He had been sent.

As quietly he passes on,
Some larger boys salute,
And say, “ You shall climb yonder wall,
And get us fruit.”

“ I cannot steal ! ” replied the boy
To those who stood around ;
“ You must ! you shall ! ” repeated all,
“ Or else be drowned.”

They drew him to the river side,
And still did Knud reply
To their appeal, “ I cannot steal,
But I can die ! ”

He thought of home and all he loved ;
His life was very bright ;
Still, still he said, 'mid awful dread,
"I must do right."

They plunged him down among the waves,
They raised him up again,
Tempting anew the wrong to do,
Each time in vain.

"I cannot steal!" with purpling lip
He faint and fainter gasped ;
One gurgling breath, and icy Death
His young form clasped.

A hero's name, a martyr's crown,
KNUD IVERSON has gained.
God will judge those hardhearted boys,
With crime so stained.

HOME COMFORT.

FATHER, mother, sister, brother,
All are here in union dear;
There was never such another
Place as home for quiet cheer.

Higher, higher streams the fire;
Shadows fall against the wall;
While we, in our warm attire,
Heedless list the tempest's call.

Rain and sleet may rudely beat,
Storm sprites shout aloud without;
We are safe in our retreat,
And may laugh to hear the rout.

Those there are who do not share,
As do we, prosperity;
Fit apparel, plenteous fare,
Are what many never see.

On a night so full of fright,
How shall these stern Want appease,
Cold and hunger put to flight,
And like us take merry ease?

He above bids us, in love,
Clothe and feed them in their need;
Such on earth as humblest move
May in heaven be rich indeed.



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Then will not the very thought,
We've made glad some being sad,
To our own more favored lot
Higher, holier pleasure add ?

LOVE YOUR BOOKS.

LOVE your books, children ; these are what will make you intelligent and happy. Do you find arithmetic difficult, grammar still more difficult ? and does the study of philosophy seem dull, and that of physiology useless ? Never mind ; labor the harder. You may be sure you will by and by be able to understand them, and see their use, too, if you persevere. It is never wise to complain that your lessons are hard to learn, and wish you didn't have to go to school. No ; the best plan is to love your books and love your school. Never say, "I can't get my lesson ;" and when you hear any of your schoolmates say so, answer them with, "*I can, and I will.* I shall have to study hard, I know ; but I'm good for it." Yes, be resolute ; that is the way to get your lessons easiest. Be determined to make a scholar, and you will succeed. There are many men and women working hard, and faring hard, and helping nobody, who, had they improved their advantages for getting an education when they were boys and girls, might have risen to be rich, honored, and useful.





EVA LEE;

OR,

GOD KNOWS BEST.

It was the morning of the first of May. Eva Lee looked out at a window to see the sun shining brightly, and the dewdrops that were scattered over the short, fresh grass, glistening in its rays.

“O mother!” said she; “what a fine morning is this! How I wish May days were celebrated now as they used to be in the times my little book tells about! I love to look at the picture of all those children skipping round the May pole that they have raised upon the green, and wound with long wreaths of pretty flowers. I think those girls and boys must have been very happy; but it always seems as if the May queen looks happiest of them all.”

“And if this was to be just such a holiday, you would want very much to be May queen, I dare say,” said Eva’s mother.

“Yes, mother,” said the little girl; “I would

indeed. But there is poor Sarah Hall, that's been so sick,—I think I would rather make wreaths and help to crown *her* queen than be queen myself."

"I am glad my daughter feels so," said Mrs. Lee. "St. Paul, in his Epistle to the Romans, twelfth chapter and tenth verse, says, 'Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honor preferring one another.' Which means, that we ought to feel greater pleasure in having others honored than in being honored ourselves. I hope you will remember this."

Eva replied that she would try. Mrs. Lee thought a few minutes, and then said to her daughter,—

"Since there are no sports for you to join in with your playmates, my dear, suppose you spend the day in trying to do good."

"Why, mother," answered Eva, "I try every day to do good. You know I can dust chairs and wash dishes; and Miss Moore, the teacher, says I sew very neatly. When I am older I shall do a great deal to help you."

"Yes, Eva," said her mother; "I know you are not fond of being idle. But this is May day, and I do not intend to have you work as usual. You may spend the time just as you choose; only remember that when night comes I shall require you to tell me all you have done. I hope

to hear that you have not been unkind to any person or thing, but that some person or some thing has been made happier by you. That is the way I wish you to try to do good all this day."

"I cannot think how a little girl like me can do good so," returned Eva, thoughtfully; "but may be I shall find the chance before night. I'll take a run in the fields for the first thing. Thank you, mother, for giving me this long, pleasant day for play. I am sure I shall enjoy it."

The little girl went quickly up stairs for her cape bonnet that had been put by since fall; for she thought her winter hood would be too warm, and with that on she should not feel that summer was coming. Then she left the house and skipped merrily away.

Eva's home was in the country; and she had only to go through the back yard and the garden, when she found herself in the open fields. She remembered a sunny knoll, sheltered from the cold winds by tall woods, where, the last spring, she picked her hands full of blue and white and yellow violets, before any had blossomed elsewhere. She was sure plenty were there now; so she started directly for the spot.

As the little girl went on and passed around the foot of the hill, she saw Joe Williams standing not far off, with a gun in his hand. The lad

did not see Eva, for his back was towards her. At first she could not think why he stood so still, and now and then crouched down, creeping forward very cautiously. But presently she saw that he was watching a pair of robin redbreasts, and trying to get near enough to shoot them. They were hopping about on the ground, gathering up dried grass in their beaks.

Now the birds both together spread their wings and flew up through the air into a tree at a little distance, where they began lining their nest with the soft grass. Joe followed to near the foot of the tree, and pointed his gun at the pretty robins building their house up among the branches. He would have fired in another moment, when Eva ran towards him, calling to him, and asking how he could want to kill those harmless, beautiful creatures.

Joe looked around, and, seeing that it was Eva who spoke, motioned her with his hand to be still; but she did not obey him, for she meant to save the innocent birds from being harmed. The cruel lad had raised his gun again to take aim at them, when Eva said, —

“ Now, don’t shoot, Joey, don’t. You know you will be a naughty, wicked boy to do so. No; let the birds live, and finish their nest, and lay eggs, and hatch darling young ones in it, and sing sweet songs around it. I would not

hurt them for as many dollars as I could count; indeed, Joe, I would not. And *you* must not. Only think how you would feel if a great giant should come with a big cannon and tear your home all to pieces! Birds feel, as well as you and I."

"Poh!" said Joe. "You are a silly little girl. It's a pity if I mustn't shoot."

"Well," said Eva, "if you want to shoot, why don't you shoot at something besides dear little birds? They have just come back from a great way off, now that the snow is melted and the cold weather is over, to look so handsome and make music for us. Fire at the fence, Joey, or something else that can't ache if it is hit."

Joe dropped the butt of his gun on the ground, looking as if he felt ashamed of himself; and well he might. He very well knew, though he did not stop to think about it as often as he ought, that God made every living thing, and that the greatest king on the earth could not create even one little bird like those he had sought to kill.

"I am glad you stopped me, Eva," Joe said, at length. "It isn't right, I know it isn't, to kill birds and such things for sport. It makes boys hardhearted; and if they keep on doing so wrong they will make bad men. I don't think I'll ever do so again."

“I hope not,” said Eva. Then the two walked away together, chatting pleasantly about every thing they saw; and Joe could not help thinking how much happier he felt than if he stood by the tree, with the pretty robins bleeding and dying at his feet. So all children will feel when they do right instead of doing wrong.

“Hark!” said the lad, stopping suddenly; “didn’t you hear a little bit of a sound?”

“Yes,” said Eva; “I hear it now—a sound like the bleating of a lamb close by us. But the sheep are away over in that pasture.” And she pointed to the field where, as she came along, she saw the flock nibbling the short grass, which they seemed to like very much.

When Joe had looked carefully all around, he spied a little feeble lamb lying all alone by itself upon the ground. He and Eva hastened to it. It seemed to have lain there since very early in the morning; for its short fleece was damp, and the little creature was chilled and trembling, and too weak to stand. The hill had kept off all the warm sunshine.

“Poor thing!” said Eva, as she laid her hand gently on its dewy fleece. “I guess its mother went off and left it. Don’t you pity it, Joe? And won’t you take it up in your arms so softly, as not to hurt it, and carry it to my home?”

The lad said yes; and he took up the lamb

and started, and Eva ran by his side. She had not got the May flowers she went for; but she did not mind that, she was so eager to save the little lamb's life and make him comfortable.

The lamb was carried into Mr. Lee's kitchen, and Eva got a blanket and placed it in a corner for the little animal to lie on. Then her mother let her get some milk in a porringer, and warm it by the fire, and feed it to the lamb with a spoon.

In a short time lamby got strong enough to caper all about the kitchen; and Eva's tabby cat would follow wherever he went, among the tables and chairs, catching first with one paw, then with the other, at the lamb's long, frisky tail.

Eva had called in some of her little mates who lived very near to see the lamb; and the children were much amused to watch his gambols and see how puss tried to make a playfellow of him.

Pretty soon the girls went all together out into the field to give the lamb to its mother. They took turns in carrying him in their aprons part of the way; and part of the way they let him go on foot, and he would follow them like a dog. The children laughed merrily as they went.

When they got near the flock, all the sheep

quit feeding and stared at them. Then one of the dams walked briskly towards them, bleating eagerly, as much as to say, "Little girls, the lamb you have got is mine." If the old sheep had known where her little one was found, and how tenderly it had been nursed, and if she could have spoken, I think she would have thanked Eva for her kind care.

As it was, she seemed greatly pleased at having it with her once more, and kept turning to put her nose upon it so lovingly. The children said she was kissing her baby. So she led it back to the flock. The last the children saw of the little white lamb he was frolicking over the grass and among the buttercups, but not venturing too far from his fond mother's side.

Eva went home and ate her dinner. Then, putting on her bonnet again, she set off down the road, to call at the cottage of the widow Hall and see Sarah. This was the little girl of whom Eva had spoken to her mother in the morning. She had been very sick with a fever, but was better now. Eva found her sitting in a chair, with a pillow at her back.

• "I am glad you have come, Eva," said Mrs. Hall. "Sarah feels lonesome, obliged to stay in the house this beautiful May day, while well children are running abroad."

"'Tis very pleasant in the sunshine," returned

Eva. "I was out most of the forenoon, and wish Sarah could have been with me. I have brought you a few posies, Sarah. They grew by the side of the road, and I picked them as I came along."

"Thank you," said Sarah, as she took the flowers and looked at them and smelt of them. "You are very kind; and if ever you are sick I will try to do something for you. I was just wishing you would come. Now, will you tell me where you have been this morning, and what you have seen?"

Eva sat down by the side of her little friend, and told about the robins that Joe Williams was going to kill, but did not; and the lamb that was almost dead, but was tended and made well again. Sarah listened to every word, and her eyes sparkled almost as they used to do before she was sick.

Sarah was her mother's only child. The widow Hall was very poor. She supported herself and daughter by going from house to house washing clothes. When both were well, and she could get plenty of work, she and Sarah did not suffer for food to eat or clothes to wear, though their victuals were coarse and their dress was plain.

But now, because the child was sick, and the mother could not leave her, they grew very

needy. Some of their neighbors who were richer than they, had given them things to keep them from suffering.

“Sarah’s appetite is very poor,” said Mrs. Hall to Eva. “She complains that her mouth tastes badly, and doesn’t like any kind of food.”

“I remember,” said Eva, “when I had the measles last summer, my mouth had a dreadful bad taste, and an orange took the bad taste all away.”

Sarah said nothing, but her mother said, “Yes; I have been thinking of that. But I gave the last money I had to the apothecary yesterday, for medicine. So I cannot buy her an orange now. When she is a little better I shall go and wash for people again, and earn more money. Will you come some day, Eva, if your mother is willing, and stay to keep Sarah company, and to bring her gruel and drinks, while I am away?”

Eva readily promised, and said she was sure her mother would be very willing. Then she sat silent a few minutes, busily thinking. And of what, do you suppose? Why, she was thinking of some oranges she saw in a shop window as she came along, and of some cents she had in a little box at home. But she said nothing either to Mrs. Hall or Sarah, only that she must go now.

She went, but in half an hour came again,

bringing Sarah two fine oranges and some lemon drops. She brought besides, and gave the little sick girl, her own pretty picture and story book about May day.

Sarah kissed Eva, and thanked her many times; and the poor widow was so grateful for the little visitor's kindness that she could not help crying as she said, "God bless you, dear child. I am sure the Lord Jesus, who, when he was upon earth, went about doing good, will look down from heaven and love you."

Eva remembered the text of Scripture which says, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And as soon as she was at home again she went to her chamber alone, and prayed that God would keep her from having a selfish heart, and make her love to seek out little ways of doing good.

Now, little reader, did Eva Lee find that May day pleasant, or unpleasant? Was she less happy than she would have been had the whole day been spent in play? Had she found any ways of doing good? What do you think her mother said to her that night, after hearing her tell all that she had done? Did she say it was right, or wrong? If you think she did right, and felt happy on that account, will you not try to do good in some such little ways as she did?

Sarah grew better, and by the last of the month had walked out a number of times, and been to Sunday school once. When she was well she never staid away from Sunday school ; for she loved to go, and knew that she ought to. There she had learned many good things, as all Sunday scholars may who always mind what their teacher tells them.

One fine day, Eva Lee and some other little girls were going out together for a walk in the fields, and they called at widow Hall's to ask if Sarah could go with them. Mrs. Hall said she might ; and Sarah was very glad. She put on her little shawl and bonnet, and was soon ready. Sarah's mother bade her take care not to go too far and get very tired, for the child was not strong yet. Then they set off.

They walked on for some time, with the clear sunshine and sweet breezes all around them, and felt very happy. The other girls led Sarah by turns ; for all of them loved her, and wanted to be near her, and were very glad to have her with them in a ramble once more.

Near the edge of the wood they sat down in a circle and sang school songs, as merrily as the wild birds were singing up in the trees. Then, when Sarah said she was rested, they turned to go back to their homes by the path they came.

On the way they came to a small brook, on each

side of which grew wild rosebushes, so thickly that, in places, the water was quite hidden from sight. It went gurgling along in the shade, here and there peeping out to catch a gleam of the warm, yellow sunlight.

“O,” said one of the little girls, “how I wish some of these roses were blown! But they are only budded, and the red leaves beginning to show.” And another said, “Let’s pick some of the buds to carry home and keep in water, and see if they won’t blossom.”

So they all stopped and began breaking off little twigs of wild rose; and Sarah, in trying to reach some of the larger buds, stepped into the brook and wet her feet. The girls hurried her home as fast as possible; and, as soon as she got there, her mother took off her wet shoes and stockings and put on her feet dry ones.

But Sarah took cold, and her limbs grew so painful that the next morning she had to have the doctor again. He said it was the rheumatism that ailed her; and he left her some liniment, and told her mother to be very careful of her, and he hoped she would get better before many days.

But after a month’s time, though Sarah was otherwise quite well, her limbs were too lame and weak to bear her weight; so she could not walk a step, but, day after day, had to sit on the

bed or in a chair, and amuse herself as best she could.

Sometimes she felt very tired and almost sad; but she was never fretful, as some children are when sick. She often thought how good God was to give her so kind a mother to take care of her; and she said to herself that she would try harder than ever to please her. She read some chapters in her New Testament every day, that she might learn about the blessed Jesus, who loves little children.

You remember that Eva Lee promised to go over to the cottage and keep Sarah company while Mrs. Hall went away to do washing. Well, one day Mrs. Lee needed help; so she sent her little daughter to stay with Sarah, and the widow came to work for her.

Eva carried her two dolls, for she had leave to give Sarah one. Then she had a little bag full of pieces of muslin and bright-colored silk and ribbon, to dress the babies with. So Eva and Sarah were very happy all the forenoon, playing with their dolls and picture books.

When the old clock struck twelve, Eva crumbed some bread into a bowl of milk, and carried it to Sarah as she sat on the bed, and she got some more for herself, and the girls ate their dinner.

"Now, I wonder what we are going to play next," said Sarah.

"I don't know," said Eva. "If you was well, Sarah, and could run out doors as I can, we could find enough to do. O, how I wish you wasn't lame!"

Just then Eva saw her older brother, George, coming down the road with their father's horse and chaise. George Lee often took his sister and poor little Sarah out to ride; and they thought he was going to do so now. Both were very glad. Eva ran to the door to meet her brother; but, instead of driving close to the door, he stopped his horse in the middle of the road, opposite the house.

"Haven't you come to give Sarah and I a ride?" asked Eva, beginning to feel disappointed.

"Not just now," replied the young man. "I am going over to the west village; but I shall be back in an hour or two, and then, if you will be ready, I will take you both to a field where the strawberries are getting nice and ripe. Only if it rains, you know, you can't go."

"O, thank you!" said Eva. "Sarah will be so glad! It won't rain, I am sure, for there is not a cloud to be seen."

"No," said her brother, "there are no clouds now; but yet there may be before long. Father thinks there will be showers before night."

Then George drove along, and Eva ran in to

tell Sarah how they were going to ride and get some strawberries.

“O, how nice!” exclaimed Sarah, with sparkling eyes. “I’m sure nobody ever had so kind brother as yours, Eva.”

“You will sit in the carriage,” said Eva, “and I will find the largest stems of berries I can, and carry them to you.”

“No,” said Sarah; “George will be so good as to take me in his arms from the chaise into the field; and I can sit on the ground and pick for myself.”

“Yes, that will be better,” said Eva; “and when you have gathered all you can reach in one place, I will look out another fine bed, and George will carry you to it.”

So the little girls talked together of the pleasure they should have, and Eva got ready their bonnets, and they waited, and wished that George would come. So busy were they that they did not observe a large cloud which rose from the west and hid all the pleasant sunshine.

“Hark!” said Sarah, suddenly; “wasn’t that low thunder?”

“No,” replied Eva, quickly; “I guess it was the sound of carriage wheels, and George has come.”

She ran to the door to see; but her brother

was not there. She saw only the black cloud, and heard a louder peal of thunder. Her face showed how disappointed she felt as she went back into the cottage and said to Sarah,—

“It’s going to rain; we can’t go.”

“May be it won’t rain here,” said Sarah. “The other day, I remember, it looked just so dark, and mother set some tubs to catch rain water; but the cloud went round, and no rain fell here.”

“It seems too bad,” said Eva, “that it must rain this afternoon, when we were going to have such a good time.”

“If it does rain,” said Sarah, “it will be because God lets it; so we must not think it is wrong.”

Eva stood at a window for some time, watching the cloud. It rolled up higher and higher till it hung just over the cottage. The lightning grew brighter and the thunder louder. It was almost dark enough in the house to need a lamp.

“Eva,” called Sarah, by and by, “please come here.”

Eva went to the bed, and Sarah said to her,—

“If we should pray that it wouldn’t rain, don’t you think God would hear us and clear away the clouds?”

“May be he would,” answered Eva. “But do we know any prayer about rain? I can repeat

the Lord's prayer, and a morning prayer, and an evening prayer ; I don't know any other."

" Can't you make one ? " asked Sarah.

" I'll try," said Eva.

So she kneeled down by a chair, and closed her eyes, and put her hands together, and said, —

" O Lord, dear Sarah is lame and cannot get off the bed alone, and she is very tired sitting there so long ; and brother George was coming to take us to ride ; but it looks as if it would rain in a few minutes. O Lord, be pleased to put away the clouds from the sky with thy strong hand, and not let it rain. Please, great God, do this, and we will try to be very good. Amen."

Sarah said amen too. When the little girls opened their eyes they saw a thick smoke in the room.

" Is there a fire in the stove ? " asked Sarah.

" I built one a little while ago," replied Eva, " to warm some water ; but it is most burned out now."

Then she began searching to find where the smoke came from. She opened the chamber door, and there it was. The blue smoke came rolling down and filled the kitchen so they could scarcely breathe.

" The house is afire ! " said Sarah, turning very pale.

"I'm afraid so," said Eva, looking frightened. "Yes, it must be," she added; "for don't you hear that snapping and crackling, just as if dry wood was burning in the stove?"

She ran quickly out of doors and looked up at the cottage roof. It was just as they feared. A spark from the chimney had fallen upon the dry shingles and kindled into a blaze. The red flame streamed high in the air, seeming as though it would spread over the whole roof in a few minutes, and very soon burn the little dwelling to the ground.

"What shall we do? O Sarah! Sarah!" screamed Eva, running back to her, "the house is burning down, and you can't get out of it! What shall we do?"

Sarah had fallen back upon her pillow and covered her face with her hands. She only said,—

"O my poor mother! what will she do without me?"

The cottage stood under the hill, hidden from view of all other houses of the neighborhood, and no person lived near enough to be called to help now. No wonder the children were frightened and knew not what to do.

But then the cloud burst overhead, and the rain poured down, seeming like the water of a wide river when it falls over a dam. It quenched

the fire in a minute, and the little girls presently knew that they were safe. Think, if you can, how joyful they felt.

Eva threw herself on the bed by Sarah's side, and, putting their arms round each other's neck, they cried for joy.

"O," said Sarah, as soon as she could speak, "our Father in heaven always knows what is best."

"How good he was to make it rain and not answer our prayer!" said Eva.

"It makes me think of what the minister said," returned Sarah, "the other day, when he called to see mother and I. He said God often answers prayer in a way different from what we expect."

"I hope," said Eva, "I shall never be so wicked again as to forget to pray, 'Thy will be done.' It is better to trust him than want so much to have our own way."

They talked more, and said what a very small thing it was to be disappointed of their ride, and how sad a thing it would have been to have had the cottage burned. A dreadful thing, indeed, it would have been had Sarah been burned to death in it. They shuddered at the thought, and thanked their heavenly Father that he had prevented it. Now they could wait patiently for a pleasant day in which to go strawberrying.

The next week it came ; and, as Sarah was fast getting stronger, the little girls enjoyed both the ride and the picking strawberries better than they could have done on the day they first hoped to go.

When any of my little readers meet with any such disappointment, will they not recollect the story of Eva and Sarah, and think God knows best ?

THE HONEST BOY.

A boy, whose name was Richard Shay,
The other day
Was at the depot walking round,
When on the ground
A heavy purse of gold he found.

He picked it up, and said aloud,
To all the crowd,
"Look here ! this by the platform lay ;
Whose is it, pray ?
I hope some one of you can say."

"Hush ! " whispered one who stood near by ;
"Don't raise a cry.
I'll tell you how to play the trick ;
Be off right quick,
And keep the purse ; who'll know it, Dick ? "

"Yes, yes," said others, drawing round ;
"What you have found
Must be a lady's, dressed in black,
Who, from a hack,
Crossed to that train upon the track.

"Don't give it up ; you'd be a clown.
I'll wage a crown
She'd pay you nothing for your pains ;
If you've got brains,
You'll always keep such lucky gains."

“ Keep it ? Not I ! ” the boy replied,
With honest pride ;
“ I ’ll never take what ’s not my own.
Leave me alone —
Quick, or the lady may be gone.”

So saying, Master Richard Shay,
Without delay,
Returned its owner what he found
Upon the ground.
“ That ’s right,” said most ; some sneered or frowned.

Now, little friends, what do *you* say ?
Was not young Shay,
Poor though he was, a happier lad
Than if he had
Followed the counsels of the bad ?

LUCY AND HER DOLL.

LITTLE Lucy had a doll ;
She tended it with care ;
She loved to kiss its rosy cheeks
And smooth its silken hair.

She had a little bed for it,
With sheets and pillows white ;
And in its pretty little bed
She laid her doll at night, —

And snugly tucked the comforter,
That dolly might lie warm ;
Then placed its bed close by her own,
To keep it from all harm.

When morning came, and Lucy woke,
She first would look to see
If dolly slept ; and open wide
The sweet blue eyes would be.

Lucy would rise and dress herself,
And dress her doll with care ;
She loved to kiss its rosy cheeks
And smooth its silken hair.

MAPLE AND CEDAR: A FABLE.

A SPARROW went out one morning in search of her breakfast, and, alighting on a stately maple tree, flitted about, picking seeds from tiny, slender pods, that were ripening brown and clinging but slightly to the branches where they grew.

While thus busied, a hawk, as hungry as the sparrow, and needing much more and heartier food of which to make his meal, came sailing through the air, and perched on the same maple, to look out with his keen eyes for some prey. Poor sparrow, who, at the moment, chanced to be feeding at the opposite side of the tree, suddenly aware that her life was in danger, was terribly frightened, and, spreading her wings, darted away home like an arrow. Her beak was full of seeds which she had not had time to swallow: in passing over a field, one of these dropped, and, descending through the air, was buried beneath a grain of soil.

Not very long after, the autumn Wind was out levying taxes on every summer plant and tree. Calling at a knotty Cedar's, who had long stooped

over a river's bank, as though meaning to one day plunge in and drown her ugliness, the blast hoarsely made his demand.

"It looks handsomely in you to ask tribute of me," responded the Cedar, in a tone of irony, and without looking up. "If you have an eye, you'd better open it, and see that I'm an evergreen."

Mr. Wind snatched a cone from one of her outer boughs and rushed along with a triumphant laugh, which sounded more like a despairing wail. He had not proceeded far, however, when, with angry contempt, he threw the cone to the ground.

The next April, when there fell soft showers and warm sunsheen, and violets waked at the touch of the zephyr's lip, within a few feet of each other upsprang a maple and a cedar, from the seed which the sparrow had lost, and a particle of the cone which the wind had thrown away.

Nothing disturbed them, and they flourished through the season, and season after season, until they were strong saplings. The maple stood on a little knoll of light soil, and the roots of the cedar were kept always moist by a spring which was hidden beneath.

But though living in the same air, and sharing the same light, and dews, and rains, the youthful trees grew very unlike. While the maple increased in stature and was graceful in manner,

the cedar was dwarfish; it put out angular limbs, and apparently could not have made a bow without breaking its back. In disposition they were no more alike than in person. Maple was light-hearted and sensitive, Cedar moody and stupid. All day long the latter maintained one same position; the former greeted the morning sun rays with smiles and dancing, and bade them good even, with music sweet and low as might glide from the harp of a spirit babe.

But, although so different, Maple and Cedar — neither having associates of its kind — no sooner could see over a blackberry vine, that ran on the ground between, than they made neighbors and companions of each other. Yet there was, on the part of Cedar, little true friendship. She fancied, and persisted in fancying, that Maple felt proud of her handsome figure and glossy leaf dress, and often threw out hints that Maple was no taller than herself really, but that it was the accident of growing on higher ground which made her so appear.

Great was the triumph of Cedar, when, in the bleak days and frosty nights of the first autumn, Maple's leaves faded and fell to the ground, leaving her unadorned and unprotected, while her own dark-green robe remained untouched. With an agility she had never before displayed, Cedar tossed up her leafy arms in derision. But

when fell the heavy snows, she saw how great was her neighbor's advantage over herself. To Maple's naked, slender branches scarce a flake could cling, while upon Cedar's broad, flat boughs it lodged in masses so heavy that she had to strain every sinew in order to stand beneath the burden.

Deep snows by and by buried out of sight the two young trees. There, snugly wrapped in their white comforter, they dreamed away the long hours. Above their heads giant winds went howling, and sifting, and drifting; there snow birds ate cold dinners, and mischievous foxes passed on moonlight excursions. Once a man on snowshoes, with a gun on his shoulder and a hound in leash, strode by.

When spring had melted the snow so Cedar could peep out once more, her first look was towards her neighbor. Seeing Maple still leafless, she at once set her down as dead. Notwithstanding she had felt envious of her, she mourned the loss of her society, looking gloomier than ever. Her own limbs, from having been long depressed by a weight of snow upon them, though now relieved, still pointed downward, so that their extremities touched the sod, making her appearance yet more awkward and unattractive.

Not many days after, Cedar observed that all

over the top of Maple little buds appeared. These swelled rapidly, soon had a crimson tint, and anon burst into delicate leaves, which in time became larger and fairer than those of the preceding season. The tree neighbors enjoyed as much intercourse as formerly.

Some years passed, and, early one spring time, the farm which was the home of Maple and Cedar was purchased by a city gentleman, who immediately set about making repairs and improvements. The long, low, wood-colored house was moved back from the road and wheeled partially round, and a new front raised, with French windows, and piazzas, and much ornamental work under the eaves and about the gables. The old yard fence of dark boards spiked upon decrepit posts was torn away, and a neat fence of white pickets placed in its stead.

These, and other alterations similar in character, Maple, by standing tiptoe, could observe, and she told to her neighbor all the news. This was the source from which Cedar one day learned that the gentleman landlord, with his gardener, was coming that way. As they approached, their voices could be heard, then their conversation distinguished.

“I wish some of the finest young forest trees that can be had transplanted to the yard,” said the gentleman.

“ See, sir,” returned the gardener; “ how would yonder maple do ? ”

“ Finely, finely,” answered the gentleman ; “ let it be transplanted without delay.”

As soon as they were gone on, said Cedar, ill-naturedly, —

“ A fine way to attract attention is to keep one’s leaves forever fluttering.”

She spoke as if to herself, but loud enough for Maple to hear, who answered, mildly, —

“ I’m sure I did not flutter my leaves any more than is natural ; I am not sure that the gentlemen noticed my leaves at all.”

“ Of course they did,” Cedar angrily retorted ; “ how else came they to choose you instead of me, since the only difference between us lies in our leaves ? ”

“ Don’t feel so aggrieved,” begged Maple. “ I should like a place in the yard, I own ; but since you are going to feel wronged, I am willing to change foliage with you, then when the gardener comes he may take you for me.”

Cedar was pacified. Eagerly accepting the proposal, she shortly appeared in the livery of her neighbor. Then she put on high airs, imagining herself, in all respects, a genuine maple ; at least, never suspecting that the cheat would be detected.

Towards evening the gardener was seen ad-

vancing; with a spade and other implements for transplanting a tree. The pretended Maple rustled her leaves as loudly as possible: whether that or something else drew him to her, he came and commenced carefully uncovering and loosening her roots.

The work of uprooting was half done, when suddenly the digger saw his mistake.

“Why!” he exclaimed; “this is no maple — nothing but a crabbed cedar.”

Stopping only to give the mean thing one heavy cut in the trunk with an old axe, he turned to the true maple with his spade; and a little later, with it resting across his shoulder, returned to his master’s. Next morning before breakfast it was nicely planted in the prettiest corner of the front yard. As the gardener was stamping down the earth about the roots, the gentleman came out and expressed his admiration of its beauty, when the former remarked, —

“I like to ha’ brought a little old cedar in lieu of this. It was most dark, you see, and, as I looked at the top, I raly thought ‘twas the tree I was arter, for a spell, but I found out my mistake in time.”

At the same hour, the Cedar in the field — in her own natural foliage again — surveyed her bare roots, and groaned for her wounded trunk, and sighed, —

“O dear! if I was as well off as I was yesterday, I’d try to act wiser. I brought all this ruin upon myself by trying to appear what I was not. Had I been more amiable in temper, I might have been less homely in looks, and, homely or otherwise, should have been respected. How silly was I to think that only fine clothes were needed to render me beloved!”

BE KIND TO THE BABY.

ALBERT was a little boy six years old. He had a baby brother, and when his mother was busy she would sometimes bid Albert take care of him. For a while, after he first had his little brother, the boy was very willing to do this, and would draw him out in a willow wagon, rock him in a cradle, or bring some of his own toys, and, sitting down by the baby's side, teach him to play with them.

O, how pleased was Albert when Charlie learned to make the little pasteboard dog bark! But Charlie was too young to know that such toys can be broken; so one day in a frolic he threw the little pasteboard dog across the room; it hit very hard against a chair, and off flew one of its feet. Then Albert was much vexed, and declared his brother should never touch another of his playthings as long as he lived.

Albert at length began to think it very hard that he should have to take care of the baby at all, and, whenever he could get an opportunity, would slip off to play with his mates, before his

mother could remember to tell him, "Now, my son, I wish you to see to your little brother." Charlie often cried after him, and tried to call him back; but Albert cared nothing for this, if he could only get away.

By and by, however, the baby caught the whooping cough, and grew sicker every day till he died. When Albert touched his little hand, and felt how cold it was, and knew that the little blue eyes would never open again, nor the little lips try to lisp his name, he cried bitterly. And when he recollects that he had not always been good to Charlie as he ought, it made him all the more sorrowful.

Now, when Albert sees a little boy or girl who has a young brother or sister, the tears come to his eyes, and he says, "Be kind to the baby."





IS IT YOU ?

THERE is a child — a boy or girl,
I'm sorry it is true —
Who doesn't mind when spoken to ;
Is it ? — it isn't you !
O, no, it can't be you !

I know a child — a boy or girl,
I'm loath to say I do —
Who struck a little playmate child ;
Was it ? — it wasn't you !
I hope that wasn't you !

I know a child — a boy or girl,
I hope that such are few —
Who told a lie ; yes, told a lie !
Was it ? — it wasn't you !
It cannot be 'twas you !

There is a boy — I know a boy,
I cannot love him though —
Who robs the little birdies' nests ;
Is it ? — it can't be you !
That bad boy can't be you !

A girl there is, a girl I know,
And I could love her too,
But that she is so proud and vain ;
Is it ? — it can't be you !
That surely isn't you !

THE TRUANTS.

“ COME, boys,” said Mrs. Gray, as her little sons left the dinner table, “ it is school time. Get your hats and go ; and mind, you must not play by the way, as bad boys do, but go direct to school.”

Edgar and Henry put on their hats, as their mother bade them, and set off. But they had not gone far when they seemed to forget their mother’s charge to go direct to school, and began to loiter by the way, trying to find something with which to amuse themselves.

At length the two boys came to a cellar over which a house was going to be placed ; but there were no workmen there that day. Edgar and Henry thought they would just go up to the cellar and see how deep it was ; and, when they had done that, they began first to walk and then to run around on the stones that were set for the underpinning of the building.

One of the stones, not being firmly placed, gave way while their feet were upon it, and both the boys were instantly thrown away down into

the cellar, and so much injured as to lie helpless and senseless. Their mother, supposing that her sons had obeyed her and gone to school, thought nothing about them till teatime, when, as they did not appear, she grew anxious for their safety, and, after waiting a little longer, set out in search of them.

She went first to the school house, where, as she expected, she found the door locked, and nobody was to be seen about. She next went to the teacher's boarding-place, and, on making inquiry, was told by her that Edgar and Henry had not been to school that afternoon. Then Mrs. Gray went all through the fields and called her boys by their names; but they did not answer.

When she had searched until it began to grow dark, and had found no trace of them, she left the fields and hurried towards home, hoping that they had returned during her absence. As she was passing the cellar by the roadside, she heard a child crying; and when she had listened a moment she knew the voice to be her little Henry's.

So she ran to the cellar — for the sound seemed to come from there — and looked down into it. All was so dusky that she could see nothing distinctly; but, when she called Henry, the boy replied, and said he had been trying to climb out of the cellar, but could not. His mother helped him up, and asked him where his brother was.

Henry answered that Edgar had gone to school; for the poor child could not remember what had happened.

When Henry had been carried home, his head was discovered to be dreadfully bruised, and as quickly as possible a physician was sent for. Some of the neighbors took lanterns and went to make search for Edgar in the place where his brother had been found. There, in the cellar, he, too, was found, lying with one arm and one leg confined by the stone which had given way and occasioned the fall of the boys.

At first they thought him dead; but after a while he revived, though it was several hours before he had his reason perfectly. Both limbs upon which the stone had fallen were badly crushed. He had to be stretched on a bed and kept there for many days, all the time suffering great pain.

Sometimes, when he could not help groaning, his mother, with tears in her eyes, would say, "Poor boy!" Then Edgar would answer, "Don't pity me, dear mamma; it's as good as I deserve. If I had gone straight to school, as you told me to, instead of playing truant, I might have been well now. I am sure I shall never disobey you again."

A WALK ON THE COMMON.

“ Ma,” said a brighteyed little girl to the lady at her side, as the two were enjoying a walk on Boston Common the other afternoon, “ see how many shabby women, with baskets of fruit and cakes, are sitting about! Some of them have little children in their arms or by their side. Do they not look miserable ? ”

“ They certainly do, my dear. Shall we assist the one who is nearest us by purchasing some of her peaches ? ”

“ O mother, please give her some money, but do not take any of her fruit. I am sure I would rather have none for a month than eat that, she looks so dirty. Only look at her shawl! Isn’t it as dirty as it well can be? Well, ma, yesterday she was sitting just where she is now, when the rain began to fall. When all the people had left the Common, she took up her basket of fruit and candy, (the same she has to-day, I am sure,) and, drawing it under a corner of her old shawl, ran off in the pouring rain. Indeed, mamma, I

could eat none of that. Do you think she sells any?"

"Those of her own class may purchase; but all who value cleanliness would feel, I suppose, very much as you do."

"She might at least wash her shawl. I have read of very poor people whose houses and clothes were said to be 'scrupulously neat.' I suppose that means *very* neat. Good people are always clean; are they not, mother?"

"Neatness is certainly a virtue, my daughter; but there may be those who lack it, and yet are in many respects worthy people."

"But, mamma, isn't it wrong for them to live in rags and filth, though their clothes may be poor and old? They could keep themselves clean and tidy, I should think."

"We are all more or less affected by circumstances. To be compelled to live in a dark, damp cellar, or crowded, as many families are, into one small, shattered room, surrounded by all that is disgusting, would put to the test the most orderly habits. Then, many of those we see have been bred in ignorance and filth, and scarcely know what neatness means. Some, doubtless, have large families wholly dependent on them for subsistence. Thus situated, it is hardly to be wondered at that the means of obtaining the

bread which is necessary for the support of life becomes almost the only thing thought of. Some may be so utterly destitute as not to possess the means of washing and mending their clothes, even if they had time and were so disposed.

“There is a great deal of poverty and wretchedness in every city; and I know of no more noble way in which the rich can spend their time and money than in seeking out and relieving the needy and endeavoring to reform the wicked.”

10 *

MORNING AT HOME.

THERE'S no dawn yet on the hill ;
All the street is lone and still ;
But we'll sleep no more, for hear,
" Up *all* of you !" cries chanticleer.

Thomas, Mary, come, make haste ;
Dress — time should not run to waste ;
Cold is nothing — late to rise
Never made one rich or wise.

Build the fire and make the toast ;
Try which can be active most ;
Work for play you must not leave ;
Busy morn brings quiet eve.

All those men, and women too,
Who much good in life would do,
Every body will admit,
Must betimes their pillow quit.

Here comes baby Ann — well done !
Henry, too — that's right, my son.
Habits early formed are strong ;
You will not be children long.

Wash your hands and faces clean,
Fit at table to be seen ;
Comb your hair all smooth and nice ;
Breakfast's ready in a trice.



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Set the muffins up with care ;
Call papa, and place his chair ;
Fetch your own, my little Ann ;
Be as useful as you can.

Hearty, cheerful, smart as steel,
How much better we all feel
Than if each was just from bed,
Faint and weak, with aching head !

Business will not drive to-day ;
Time there'll be for work and play.
Children, say, is it not wise
Always early thus to rise ?

THE BEGGAR AND THE GOOD BOY.

AMONG those who at one time obtained a poor subsistence by begging from door to door in the streets of London was one who went by the name of Barber Mose. Very old he seemed; and only aged people could remember the period when he was not a beggar, ragged and bowed down, almost too lame to crawl his daily round, and so blind as to be obliged to feel his way with a staff.

These grandfathers and grandmothers used to tell a story that Barber Mose was born to a fortune, which, as soon as he possessed, he went abroad and squandered, as was supposed; for he returned to serve an apprenticeship to a barber and hairdresser, and afterwards opened a shop for himself.

Here he did a good business, yet always appeared poor: and when the infirmities of age came upon him, so that he could no longer pursue his employment, he betook himself to an obscure garret, where he had ever since lived on

what was doled out to him by the hand of charity.

One winter's day, as the old beggar man was returning to the place he called home as fast as his feeble, trembling limbs would let him, a number of boys, just out of school and eager for sport, gathered around him, thus preventing him from going on, spoke to him insultingly about his rags and poverty, and made believe they would rob him of the bit of cold meat his blue, bony fingers were clutching so closely.

Then there came up another boy, poorly clad, but with a kinder heart in his bosom, who took the aged beggar's part against his abusers, and, in spite of the jeers and laughter of the thoughtless, cruel lads, led Barber Mose carefully to his garret. The beggar was very grateful, and inquired what was the name of his young benefactor, and who was his father.

The boy answered that his name was Johnny, and that he was the son of Mr. Doane, the locksmith, whose sign could be seen just round the corner. Then he left the beggar and went home.

Shortly after this Barber Mose died, when it proved that he was not poor, but a miser. He left a will, which, only a few days before his death, he had caused to be drawn up in due form of law. In that will he bequeathed to

Johnny Doane, the boy who had once been kind to him, a bag of gold—all that he possessed.

From the midst of the heap of straw which had served him for a bed those many years, the money was taken; the miser had directed where to look for it; he could not bear to be without it while he lived. The bag was found to contain two hundred thousand pounds, which is nearly nine hundred thousand dollars.

All this large sum now rightly belonged to the poor locksmith's boy. I hope Johnny's father was a wise and prudent man, who helped his son to properly take care of so much money, and showed him how he might do good with it.

Children, you ought always to be kind to the aged and poor, and do all that you can for their comfort. It isn't likely you will ever be paid for doing such a thing in the way that Johnny Doane was; but the conscience in your bosom will tell you that you have acted right; and you need not wish for any reward besides.

WINTER AND SPRING.

I SAW a graceful maiden
Come tripping o'er the plain,
With pretty blossoms laden,
And smiles were in her train.

Her step was light and airy,
A soft light filled her eye,
Her form was like a fairy,
Her tones were melody.

Rich perfumed airs had found her ;
Of joy she held the keys ;
Gay birdlings nestled round her,
With butterflies and bees.

The skies were azure o'er her ;
Her lips dropped sweetest dew ;
Mild sunshine moved before her,
Whence gloom in haste withdrew.

But as I stood to greet her,—
That maiden fair and young,—
A stern-browed old man met her,
Who spoke with angered tongue :—

“ Away, thou child presuming !
I bid thee quickly hence !
I welcome not thy coming ;
Thy presence gives offence.

"I'll brook not thy remaining;
Are not these realms my own,
Where I have long been reigning?
Back, back, intrusive one!"

Then shrank the maid, affrighted,
Before his voice and frown;
And half the buds were blighted
That formed her queenly crown.

Now harsh old Winter blusters,
To fill the maid with fear;
And all his terrors musters,
Lest she again appear.

Yet Spring will claim our greeting,
Without a long delay;
She took not, in retreating,
Her every trace away.

For, see! a robin perches
On yonder leafless tree;
And, spite the rude wind's lurches,
Is singing merrily,—

Singing of bloomy clover,
Singing of trees in green;
Thy reign is almost over,
King of the tyrant mien!

GRANDMOTHER'S STORIES.

FIRST STORY.

“DEAR me!” exclaimed Miss Charlotte, having just returned from school and thrown herself upon the sofa; “how this parlor looks! Will papa never get any new furniture?”

“Why, Lottie, what do you mean?” asked her grandmother in a tone of astonishment, at the same time dropping her knitting and looking, first at the young lady, then around the room, over the spectacles which rested on the point of her nose. “What can you wish for that isn’t here?”

“There is enough here, such as it is; but, grandmother, it is so horrid old fashioned. The carpet, table, sofa, chairs,—every thing,—looks out of date. It isn’t half so nice as they have at Lucy Gray’s house.”

“But for all that, Lottie, every thing is nice and comfortable.”

“It doesn’t seem so to me, particularly when we have company. I am heartily ashamed to

have people see us so far behind the times. I positively cannot be contented with living in this style; and if papa doesn't newly furnish throughout this fall, I don't know what I shall do."

"Lottie, you can't remember seventy years ago, as your old grandmother can. Come, child, I think I can tell you something that will be good for you to listen to."

"Please do, grandmother. I always love to hear about old times. I will take this seat by the window, where it is cooler; now let me hear."

"No, not till you get your sewing. A girl like you should never sit down without work of some kind. If you would not fail to do this for a few weeks it would come to be a habit, so that you never would want to sit idle. Then you'd always have your work done betimes, and hardly know when you did it either; but if you make a practice of letting a half hour or an hour run to waste every now and then, depend upon it, Lottie, your work will always drag, and pester you, and you'll never bring much to pass, at home or abroad."

"Well, I will make this shirt sleeve. Now begin the story."

"I've no story in particular on my mind, Lottie, but I thought to tell you something about

how people had to live when I was young; and then may be you'll feel a bit less scornful towards this furniture; may be, instead of complaining, as you are very apt to do, you will find that you have a great deal to be thankful for.

“ One of the first things I remember—and it seems as much like a dream as a reality, for I must have been very young at the time—is of trying to walk on a floor which was so rickety and uneven that, the best I could do, I couldn’t step a half dozen steps without tumbling headlong, and bruising my forehead or making my nose bleed.

“ Another thing that happened, I think, not long afterwards, I plainly recollect; it doesn’t seem a bit like a dream. One blustery winter day I got into a corner of the kitchen, and, for the lack of something better to do, I suppose, set to punching out with a stick the moss and clay which had been put in to fill up the crevices between the logs of the wall. Yes, Lottie; your old grandmother was born in a log house, and never saw any thing better till she was older than you are to-day.

“ Well, you see, where the calking was out the weather could come right in; and I pretty soon scraped up snow enough from the floor to make a nice great ball. But just then my mother happened to observe what I was about,

and put an end to my fun directly by giving me a whipping; *that*, I suppose, is what makes me recollect the affair so well. Then my mother she stuffed the cracks I had made full of woollen rags.

"I told you how shickely-shackely our floor was, and there were great wide cracks between the boards, all round. I didn't use to have play-things like children nowadays do—nice wax dolls and all that—no indeed! But one day my mother made me a rag baby; and O, how tickled I was with it! But I hadn't played with it but a few minutes when I happened to let it fall, and down through the floor it went out of sight."

"Your baby must have been a little thing," said Charlotte.

"Not so little either. It was full middling sized, but the cracks in the floor were a great deal more than that. I screamed well, I can tell you; for I never expected to see my new baby again. But mother she got a light, and lifted up the trap door, and went down into the little, dark cellar, and there she found my baby, safe and sound.

"Our house was the best in the whole neighborhood—I mean the country—for three or four miles around. It had two rooms besides the chamber, and three half-sash windows. There was a rough stone fireplace, with a stick chim-

ney. The doors had wooden latches, that on one side were raised by a string.

“ The family that lived nearest to father’s had no floor to their house, nor windows, and no regular fireplace. There was a large flat stone stood up at one side of the room, to build the fire against. Directly over this was a hole in the spruce bark roof, three feet wide or so, to let out the smoke and let in the light. In freezing weather, I have seen icicles several feet long hanging down all around that opening. I must tell you about this family ; but not now, for there comes your friend Lucy. Next Saturday afternoon, when your school doesn’t keep, just put me in mind of it, and I will tell you more concerning old times.”

SECOND STORY.

“ Well, grandmother, it is Saturday afternoon, and I have come to hear more about old times ; and you see I have brought my work this time without being told to do so.”

“ Yes, Lottie ; I am glad to see that you seem disposed to remember what I say to you, and do as I wish you to. It is very trying indeed to one who has had experience to advise a young person like you for her good, and have her forget it all as soon as one has done speaking. So you

want to hear something more about old times? Well, I wonder what I can tell that will be most interesting to you."

" You promised to tell me about that poor family, your neighbor, who lived in that miserable old house without a floor, a chimney, or window."

" Yes; their name was Manly. As for their house, it was miserable enough, to be sure; but it wasn't old, Lottie, for it had been only a few years since the neighborhood began to be settled. Mr. Manly, for all his name, hadn't much manliness about him. He called himself sick, and others called him shiftless; and I really suppose, now, that neither party was far out of the way. He had a lease of the farm he lived on, and good land it was, as every body said; but he had no force, and nothing to do with; so it profited him little.

" Mrs. Manly used to feel mortified almost to death because they had to live in such style; for she was a high-spirited woman, and, as I have heard tell, had been a beautiful girl, whose father was well off in the world. She married Mr. Manly on short acquaintance. He made a good appearance; and she fancied him, I suppose.

" They lived in her native place for a while; but when Mrs. Manly found that their poverty couldn't be hid, she persuaded her husband to

move to this new part of the country, where her true situation would not be so well known to her friends; for, as I said, she was proud spirited. When I first remember Mr. Manly and his wife, they had five little children; and I do wish, Lottie, I could make you realize how destitute they were. You would never again despise nice, comfortable things, though they did chance to be a little out of date."

"O grandmother, I have seen poor people; we are poor enough ourselves, for that matter. But there's a girl comes to school who has worn the same dress all summer long; and for her dinner she brings plain bread oftener than any thing better."

"And that, Lottie, is what you call poverty! Why, child, Mr. Manly's children I never saw more than half dressed in any thing; and as to victuals, I'm positive they never had near a full meal at home in their lives, and what they had was the coarsest kind. Mrs. Manly once told mother she believed they must have starved if mother had not been so kind as to give them a great deal."

"I can imagine how downcast and pitiable Mrs. Manly must always have looked. Did she ever smile, grandmother?" said Charlotte.

"I don't remember that I ever saw her *smile*; but I have seen her *laugh*, and heard her, too.

She was always sociable, and almost always gay, though any body could see that she felt bad. When there wasn't a spoonful of any thing to eat in the house, she would say, playfully, ' Mr. Manly, what will you have for your dinner? Roast turkey and pound cake ? ' Then he would smile, and get up from the bench in the corner, where he commonly sat during the day, and go and beg a little meal, perhaps, of such of the neighbors as would help him — for all would not. They said that to help him, or, what amounted to the same thing, help his family, only made him the more lazy. I never knew Mrs. Manly to appear discouraged but once, and you shall hear about that by and by.

" One time she went a journey to visit her friends, and left a girl to take care of the family. While she was gone, the youngest child that was left at home, a little girl, say two years old, got accidentally scalded so dreadfully that she died the next day. I remember going to the funeral with my mother and sisters. When we went into the house, Mr. Manly and the minister, with some neighboring women who were there to assist, had just got through dinner.

" There were some biscuits on the table that my mother had sent over that morning. The children stepped up and took one apiece ; but just when their hungry mouths were wide open, their

father took the biscuits out of their hands, broke them, and divided one between two children. So they had to content themselves with half a biscuit each, except one boy, who tucked a whole one under his arm and so smuggled it out doors and ate it. I felt angry with Mr. Manly because he did not allow the children to eat what they pleased of my mother's biscuits, but I suppose he was looking forward to supper time.

"Then poor little Lucy's dead body was brought in from the barn. Yes, Lottie, the corpse had to be laid in the barn, for, as I told you, there was but one room in the house, and in that the family were obliged to eat and sleep. The coffin was only a box, and unpainted."

"Why in the world, grandmother, didn't they have the funeral in the meeting house?"

"La, child, how little you know about old times! There wasn't a meeting house within — let me see — eight, ten ; there wasn't a meeting house within ten miles."

"Even a school house would have been better —"

"But there was no school house, either, any where in the vicinity. And little Lucy's grave was made out in the field all alone, for there was no graveyard — she was the first who had died in the neighborhood.

"The next winter after this they suffered so

much that poor Mrs. Manly's spirit was humbled, and she grew very anxious to get back again among her friends, who, she said, would assist them. Finally, my father got an old acquaintance from a distance to come and make Mr. Manly an offer for his betterments."

"Pray, grandmother, what was that?"

"The improvements he had made on his farm. The man said the betterments were all worserments; but Mr. Manly at last took him at his offer, and went home with him to make writings. He told of being back in four days; but when that time was past, he didn't come. The fifth day of his absence there was a heavy fall of snow. My father was absent, too, and there was no one except Mr. Manly's family within a mile.

"It was getting towards night. I sat watching with greedy eyes the nice sparerib that was slowly browning before the bright, blazing fire,—not that I was hungry by any means, but that roasting meat looked and smelt so tempting,—when mother said to my oldest sister, who was, perhaps, fifteen—said she,—

"'I can't keep Mrs. Manly and the children out of my mind. I'm afraid, Jane, they're suffering; and if neither Mr. Manly or your father should come to-night, I don't know but they will starve and freeze to death.'

" 'Mayn't I go over and get them all to come here ? ' asked Jane.

" 'I don't know as 'tis possible to get there ; but I would be thankful if the poor creatures were here,' answered mother.

" Jane hurried on her cloak and hood and set off for Mr. Manly's through the deep snow. In an hour we saw her returning with the youngest child upon her back, followed by Mrs. Manly bringing the next youngest in the same way, and helping along the others as best she could. We met them at the door ; but Mrs. Manly couldn't speak till she had sat down and cried a long spell. This was the time I meant when I said I never saw her downhearted but once.

" Then she told how sister Jane had found her trying to cook a few frozen potatoes — the only article of food the house contained — over the blaze of her last stick of wood. That sparerib was full as good as I expected ; but I took more comfort in seeing those hungry children eat than I did in eating myself.

" The next night was Saturday night. That was what Mr. Manly had been waiting for, and he came with his horse and sled to take his family away. He kept himself and team close that day, for fear of being seen and stopped by the sheriff ; but I guess he was welcome to all he owed, provided he'd take himself off. Late Sun-

day evening, the family packed themselves on the sled, dressed in such clothes as our family could spare, and wrapped in bedclothes and any thing that could keep out the cold, and bid us good by. That was the way poor folks used to live, Lottie.

“But I can’t talk now — this stocking heel is ready to be bound off. Next week I will tell you something more.”

THIRD STORY.

“So you are here again, Lottie, wanting to hear your grandmother talk about the times when she was young. I wonder what I’ll tell you to-day.”

“If you please,” said Charlotte, “let it be about that first home you had after you had grown to be a woman and was married to grandfather. I’ve heard you speak something about it a good many times.”

“I guess you have, Lottie, for I love the very thoughts of that place; may be, though, you won’t think it could have been pleasant.

“ ’Twas three miles, straight into the woods, where there’d never been a tree cut till the year before. Your grandfather had got half a dozen acres cleared, and built a log house, and a little

hovel for our cow. She was given to me by my father, in pay for work I'd done after I was of age.

“They had cut a sort of a road to the place, so that a cart and oxen could barely be got through. I didn't have quite so much furniture as young women nowadays think they must have to begin housekeeping with. A home-made bedstead and table, — not painted, of course, — three basket-bottomed chairs, a very few pieces of iron ware, some pewter plates, and the like, was all, except my spinning wheels.”

“O grandmother, I cannot help laughing every time you mention the wheels — they do seem so very old fashioned.”

“Yes, yes, child ; I know it. Spinning wheels have gone sadly out of date, surely.”

“Now, grandmother, tell me true — Wasn't you miserable there, with the woods all around you ? I'm sure, if I was in such a place, I should go distracted the very first day.”

“Mebby you would, Lottie ; I can't say. But I can tell you for a truth, that those years of my life were the happiest of it all — though I was a happy child once, and now I'm a happy old woman. We begun poor, — your grandfather and me, — so we had something to exert ourselves for. We had so few comforts that we could better enjoy those we did have, and it isn't likely

you'll ever know how happy I used to feel when, by spinning or weaving, I'd paid for some necessary or other. You wouldn't be half so glad of a silk dress as I was of my first half dozen plain cups and saucers.

"So, you see, I was full as happy in *my* situation as you can be in yours. Happiness, let me tell you, doesn't depend so much upon great possessions as upon few wants. We may have ever so much, yet want more, and so make ourselves unhappy; or we can rest contented with very little, if we will."

"But to be deprived of all society, grandmother,— who *could* be contented? Not I."

"In every condition of life, Lottie, there are some pleasant and some unpleasant things. Now, I always found it best to think as much as possible about the first, and as little as possible about the last. 'Tis true, I was almost entirely shut out from society, saving my own and my husband's; but with that I managed to get along right well.

"I'd no occasion to spend much time in fixing for company; people came so seldom that I was always glad to see them; and I knew, too, whenever any body did come to see me, that they come because they wanted to, and not for mere ceremony, as ladies make calls nowadays.

"Our home was the pleasantest place I ever

did see. I took a deal of pride in making all about it look neat and tasty — that's the beauty of any home. I kept every chip and stick swept away from before the house, and had a rose-bush growing each side of the door, and morning glories run up to the window.

“ There I used to spin and sing, and sing and spin, day after day. The first year we hadn't a speck of a floor, and every once in a while the legs of my little wheel would wear down into the ground so I couldn't turn it till I moved it to a new place.”

“ Why, grandmother! I should suppose any one would be sure to get their death by living so on the naked earth.”

“ Pshaw, Lottie; it's a great sight more for the health than a carpet. You don't find any body that's been brought up what they call delicately that can do the work and bear the exposure that I could. I never thought of having a sick hour by the month together. A damp foot or a draught of air didn't affect me, except it made me tougher.

“ Many a night, as I've lain abed, I've watched the stars through chinks in the roof. The next night after my little Johnny, your father, was born, there was a dreadful thunder shower, and the rain came in on to my bed in torrents, so that your grandfather had to get up and fix

pieces of board over us to carry it off. I thought nothing of it at the time ; but we didn't have to live so long. Before many years we got able to build a good framed house and barn.

“ The greatest trial I ever had there was staying alone nights. I couldn't help feeling kind o' 'fraid and onpleasant. You see, my husband worked out considerable, and sometimes would be too far off to come home oftener than Saturday night came round. He always said there wasn't nothing under the sun that I need to fear ; but I couldn't quite believe him.

“ Once or twice I got dreadful frightened ; but I'll tell you that next time. I must have my pipe now.”

FOURTH STORY.

“ I promised to tell you, didn't I, Lottie, how dreadful frightened I got one night when I had to stay alone there in the woods ? ”

“ Yes, grandmother ; and I expect your telling the story will frighten me so much that I sha'n't dare to look into a dark corner for a week.”

“ La, child, you needn't have no fears of that. The story doesn't sound any ways frightful now it's all over with. I'm more afeard it won't be be excitin' enough to suit you.

“ Well, to begin : it was one winter night ; and

your grandfather, being gone, left me all sole alone saving little Johnny — he was about three months old; and I'm sure I felt worse when any danger was a-nigh than I'd used to 'fore we had the darling — all alone saving him and a little dog not much larger than that cat on the rug there. You must know I was lonesome enough.

“ The baby went to sleep, and the dog went to sleep, and I sat and knit till finally I went to sleep in my chair; then I buried up the fire in the fireplace and went to bed. Some time in the night — I calculated 'twas twelve or one o'clock — Skip all of a sudden set to barking with all his might, and waked me up out of a sound sleep.”

“ I shouldn't have thought you would have slept very soundly there alone; but I suppose you peeped into all the closets before going to bed, to be certain nothing was there; that's the way I should have done.”

“ I was saved that trouble, Lottie; I'd no closets to examine. Besides, I wasn't afeard of such things as keep themselves in closets. It wasn't exactly a foolish cowardice, either, that I felt; but when I'd hear the wolves a howlin' round o' nights, and think how easy they might break in and devour baby and me, it made me tremble; though I knew well enough that they wouldn't dare attempt such a thing; and, know-

in' this, my fears may appear a trifle silly after all. When your grandfather was at home I never cared how near the wild critters ventured ; but when he was away 'twas different.

" Well, I knew there must be some animal about, or Skip wouldn't rave so, for he was commonly very quiet. So I laid the baby off my arm softly as I could, and riz up in the bed and locked across the room towards the window where the dog seemed to be. It was a dark night, but there was snow on the ground ; and I could plainly see some dark object blocking up half the little window. The dog would leap up at it and bark furiously, then run to the door and whine, by turns. Twice he sprung on to the bed, then away to the door again, as much as to beg, ' Do let me out ; ' but I knew if I should he'd never come in again. As he brushed past me, I felt his hair standing all on end.

" Before this, some time along in the fall, I was out in the woods one day a'most night, and all at once, as I was making my way among the trees and through the brush, I saw a great shaggy, black creature standing on his hind feet, with his fore paws on a log, gazing straight at me. I stood just still, for I was too frightened to stir an inch ; and in a moment he turned, with a sort of a loud grunt, and galloped clumsily away. I knew it couldn't be any thing but a bear ; but,

whenever I mentioned the thing, your grandfather would always laugh and say, 'Poh! it was nothing but a rabbit; and you wouldn't ha' thought of any thing else, only you're always looking out for monsters.' "

" But what *was* the dark object at the window, grandmother? Dear me! how the chills run over me! You don't think *that* was a bear, do you?"

" I'm coming directly to that part of the story, child. You see, the instant I diskivered it, it put me in mind of the animal I saw in the woods; and I thought what *should* I do — what *could* I do! I felt the hair o' my head rising up like Skip's, and every beat of my heart seemed a blow struck on my stomach. My poor, helpless baby! O, if harm should come to him! It appeared to me at that moment, if I could but hand my darling Johnny over to his father or grandmother, I could lay back on my pillow and sleep as easy as the little one was sleeping, so I could be sure *he* was out of evil's way.

" It might have been two minutes, it might have been ten, that I sat in that way without a motion. The great drops of sweat stood over me from my forehead to my feet. The dog never ceased his cries for a single second. Suddenly it came to my mind that wild beasts are said to be greatly afraid of fire; and I thought

to spring to the hearth, lay open the coals, and fling on some kindlings.

“But before I’d had time to do any thing more than think, a brand that had been smouldering away in the ashes where I’d buried it, just as though it knew what I wanted, flashed up bright and clear. I thought I saw the light shoot back from a pair of great eyes pressed hard against the outside of the window; but this p’int I never darst mention to your grandfather, as I couldn’t be quite sure. But this much I was certain of—I heard a grunt such as I told you the animal in the woods gave, only more startled like, then a plunge, and a sound as if an ox was running off from the house. My fire didn’t stop blazing again that night, I can tell you. Skippy seemed about as uneasy as me.

“As soon as it was day I went out to see if I could find any trace of what had scared me so; and there was tracks in the snow, all about the window, as big as a man’s hand, and the perfect prints of two great paws on the window sill, where the creature had raised himself up and glared in—with his mouth a-watering, I suppose—upon me and dear little Johnny, as we laid sleeping there so defenceless, and never dreaming of danger near.

“There was marks of awful teeth, too, on the swill pail that stood by the side of the door, and

the swill was eat out clean. I took the barn shovel and covered up one of the tracks — it was beginning to snow — for your grandfather to look at when he came home that night, so he couldn't have it to say again that a bear was nothing but a rabbit.

“ Now you've heard a leetle something about life when I was young, say sixty or seventy years back. Don't be so wicked again, Lottie, as to complain of privations *you* have to endure. It is *dreadful* wicked. Why, compared with then, the poor nowadays are rich, and, if they did but know it, oughter be thankful instead of complaining.”

COASTING.

SHOUT on ! shout on ! 'tis a joy to me ;
It makes a feather of care
To listen thus to your tones of glee,
Ringing out on the sleeping air.
Forgetting my pen, forgetting my book,
And that I am no longer a child,
I'll lift my window curtain and look
A while on your pastime wild.

I love to fancy I'm with you now,
While the full moon rides above,
As, side by side, up the toilsome brow
Of the ice-mailed hill you move.
Jack Frost makes your hair, like grandpa's, old,
Yet forces you not from play ;
For all are free and thoughtless of cold
As if December was May.

Up, steadily up — the summit you gain ;
The sleds are set in array ;
Vault into your place, draw tight the rein,
" All ready " 's the word — " Away ! "
Away as by strength of a giant hurled,
With a whoop as wide as the town ;
'Tis always hard getting up in the world,
But easy enough to come down.

Shout on ! shout on ! there may come a time
When Mirth, with her wrinkless brow,
Will not to the brim of your life cup climb
With such sparkling zest as now.
But, children, think of it not to-night —
No; no — 'twill be time anon ;
The heart of the young cannot be too light ;
Shout on at your play ! shout on !

THE VAIN WATCH.

“ WHY thus alone are you sitting, child,
Away in the graveyard drear ?
For what are you watching that grassless mound,
With a face so full of cheer ? ”

“ Just here they buried my mother, sir,
When the autumn winds blew keen ;
And O, 'twas the saddest, saddest day
In my life I had ever seen !

“ I cried, for I could not help it, sir ;
From morning till night I cried ;
And I begged so hard they would take her home,
Or leave me here by her side.

“ Then they said my mother would rise again,
And her face would be pale no more ;
That she'd love me better than ever, sir ;
And she loved me well before.

“ So I've waited the long, long winter through,
And tried to do as I should ;
Because I thought, when my mother came back,
She'd ask if Ann had been good.

“ All winter I waited ; and yesterday —
O, sir, I was glad to see ! —
The bird with wings like a piece of the sky
Came back to our apple tree.

“ He went away when my mother did ;
And since he again is here,
Every hour of the day, and all the night,
I look for my mother dear.

“ And, sir, the daffies are peeping up
From my little posy bed ;
So it cannot, surely it cannot be
My mother will long be dead.

“ For they told me, sir, she would rise again,
And I think it will be to-day,
The sun is shining so bright and warm,
And every thing looks so gay.

“ And so I have come, and am waiting, sir,
By the spot where my mother lies,
For I mean to be first to give her a kiss,
When she from the ground shall rise.”

EVIL COMPANIONS.

THERE was in Boston a lad, the only child of a very worthy widow. His mother always labored to teach him the difference between right and wrong, and was very anxious that he should love what is good and shun what is evil. He was bright and active, and his friends hoped he might grow to be wise and respected. And so he might, had he obeyed his good, affectionate mother, and not listened to tempters.

But one day he yielded to the influence of some bad boys, and, instead of keeping on his way to school, turned into an alley and smoked a cigar which they offered him. They next took him with them into a liquor cellar, where they "treated" him, and finally persuaded him to sell his school books for money with which to gamble — and you may be sure they knew how to get every cent of it into their own pockets before they parted with him.

Next morning, when he came to consider upon his conduct, he felt guilty and ashamed; yet, instead of going to his mother and confessing his

faults, and resolving never to do so again, he went out and spent the day with those same wicked companions ; for he thought he could not go to school now, because he had no books.

They led him deeper and deeper into vice, so that in less than a week from the beginning of his intimacy with them, and while his mother supposed him busied with his books in the school room, he and they were detected in the act of breaking open and stealing money from a valise, the owner of which had left it for a short time in the public room of one of the city hotels.

For this wicked deed they were arrested, tried, and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. And how do you think the boy's mother felt then ? And how do you think the boy himself felt ?

His uncle, a noble-hearted sea captain, had always been much attached to the boy, and promised to pay the expenses of his college course and make him heir to all his property. But do you not suppose he will alter his plans when he returns from his voyage and learns of his nephew's disgrace ?

'Tis true, the lad will be free again in a few months ; but people will not soon, if ever, forget what he did and how he was punished. He will have to do well a good while before he will have people's confidence again. How much ashamed

he will feel to meet any of his former associates!

Little friends, shun bad company, if you, too, would not be made bad. Keep away from such boys as smoke, and drink, and gamble, and use bad language, and do not go to meeting and Sabbath school; keep away from them, just as you would from a house in which people were dying of cholera.

COWARD WALTER.

LITTLE Walter was a sad coward. He never found himself alone in the dark but his heart went pit-a-pat, and he kept looking around with the expectation of seeing something frightful. The other boys used to laugh at Walter and say he was afraid of his shadow, and at last they nicknamed him "Coward Walter."

His parents often told him how silly it was to be so timid, and that there was nothing in the darkness to hurt him any more than in the daylight; but Walter, though he well knew his father and mother never spoke any thing but truth, was not made any the more courageous by what they said.

One night, after school, Walter's father gave him leave to go over and play ball with the village boys; and away ran he to the green as fast as he could.

Now, Walter was very fond of playing ball, and this time, so much did he enjoy the sport that he quite forgot himself, and staid until it grew too dark to see to catch and throw. Then,

when he recollects that he would have to go home nearly a mile all alone, he felt very badly.

He would have asked some of his playmates to bear him company part of the way, only he did not like to be laughed at, and called "Coward Walter," and told that he was afraid of his shadow. So he gathered a little courage and set off by himself.

He walked as fast as possible, but this only put him out of breath; and before he had gone half the distance daylight had entirely disappeared. The evening being cloudy, so the moon could not give her light, it was quite dark. The wind blew as it commonly does before a storm, and to Walter's ears it had a very mournful sound, like the low groaning of some person in distress.

It was very unwise for Walter to keep looking to the right and left and trying to spy out some dreadful creature or other ready to spring out into the road and catch him as he attempted to pass. It was very unwise, too, for him to keep listening for the sound of something's little hard feet trotting up behind him, for these things only made him the more fearful.

The wiser course for Walter would have been to walk straight forward, thinking of nothing but what a fine play he had enjoyed, and how he should be at home in a few minutes, and would

tell his sister Mary all about the things he had seen at the village. But Walter did not think of this; so he went on looking and listening, and almost crying from fear of he knew not what.

He was nearly home, and had but to follow the road a few rods farther around the foot of the hill, when he would have seen the lamplight shining out brightly from the kitchen windows. All at once he saw what he thought was a tall woman, dressed in white from head to foot, standing close beside the road, a little way before him.

Walter stopped short and gazed at the object, and the longer he gazed the more frightened he became. He had heard about ghosts; and this he thought must be one. He durst not advance a step farther, but stood staring and trembling.

One after another, the lad called to mind the scare stories he had heard told by silly people, instead of reflecting that no really sensible person believes that there are in all the wide world any such things as ghosts and goblins; and you may be sure his hair stood on end at the thought of being turned into a horse and ridden through the air by a witch.

The white dress waved in the wind; by and by there came a stronger breeze, that waved it more briskly; and Walter fancied the tall lady was coming towards him. Then he screamed

loudly as possible ; and, turning to run away, he struck his toes against a stone and fell down on his face. There he lay two or three minutes ; when, hearing footsteps, without venturing to look up, he screamed again.

“ Why, my son, what is the matter ? ” said a voice which Walter knew to be his father’s.

“ O ! O ! ” exclaimed the boy, springing to his feet, and clinging fast to his father’s hand ; “ don’t you see that tall woman yonder ? ”

“ Fie, Walter ! ” replied his father ; “ ‘tis only the thornbush by the wall. You have seen it in the daytime over and over again, and would never have thought of being startled by it now if you had not been looking out for scarecrows. We heard you scream as we sat in the house, and I came out to meet you ; but we did not suppose much was the matter, for we know you to be such a sad coward. I don’t wonder they call you ‘ Coward Walter.’ ”

Then Walter remembered the thornbush, and how that very day he had admired its appearance, covered as it was with snow-white blossoms. As his father took his hand and led him to the house, Walter would have begged him not to tell his mother of his cowardice, only he felt too much ashamed to speak.

Walter commonly slept in a room next the one occupied by his parents ; but it happened

one night that all the chambers were needed to lodge visitors in; so the boy was put to bed in the attic. His mother went up with him and tucked him in snugly; then, telling him he must lie still and go to sleep, she took the lamp and went down stairs again.

As soon as he found himself alone, and all dark around him, Walter, instead of doing what his mother bade him, began to imagine there might be some ugly animal hidden under the bed or behind a large chest that stood in the farthest part of the room. O, what a silly boy! None but a coward would have thought of such a thing.

Walter ought to have considered that no animal bigger than a mouse or rat could possibly have got there; but he did not think of that; he only thought how dreadfully frightened he should feel to hear something come across the floor and leap upon his bed with a growl. Foolish little fellow! He was just as safe as if it was broad daylight, or he was down in the parlor with all the company; but he did not think so.

Every little while he would lift his head from the pillow and try if he could see any thing coming to harm him; and at last he spied what he thought was a pair of yellow eyes glaring directly down upon him. Walter was now very much scared.

He drew his head under the bedclothes, and there lay, dreading every minute lest the creature with the bright eyes should jump down and catch him through the quilt with the long, sharp claws which he imagined it must have. He suffered for want of air, yet durst not uncover his face. So he lay trembling from head to foot, until finally he fell asleep.

The first thing he thought of when he awoke was the pair of eyes which had given him such a fright; and by and by he ventured to peep out, intending, if the animal was there still, to call out lustily for his mother to come with a light and drive it away.

But, to Walter's surprise and joy, he found that morning had come and the sun was beginning to shine. He looked up to where he thought he had seen the fiery eyes; and what do you think they proved to be? Why, nothing in the world but a couple of small holes through the unfinished roof; and the moonlight falling upon them made them look bright.

Only think of a boy old enough to go to school and spell quite long words lying covered, head and ears, panting and perspiring, yet not daring to open the bed, and all because he was afraid of two holes in a shingle! O, dear! Do you wonder he felt ashamed when he came to know the truth?

Walter said to himself, "I will never be scared again till I know there is something to be scared for." And he kept his word. The other boys soon perceived that he had more courage than formerly, and left off calling him "Coward Walter."

MAY SONG.

O, NATAL day of beauteous May,
We hail thee once again !
The robin's song is glad among
The maples on the plain ;
Our hearts leap up to join the lay,
In praise of lovely, lovely May.

The sky is clear, bright flowers appear,
The May pole towers high ;
We dance around to music's sound,
While gladness fills each eye.
With joy, with joy we see to-day
The birth of lovely, lovely May.

The coronet lies idle yet ;
'Tis woven skilfully ;
Its beauty rare, say, who shall wear ?
Our May queen who shall be ?
Yes; let us choose, nor long delay,
Who shall be queen of lovely May.

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“POOR POLL.”

THERE was a lady who had buried all her relations, and who lived all alone by herself, with no other companion than a parrot of the largest and most beautiful species. This bird had been her mistress's favorite from infancy ; and, besides being expert in a variety of pleasing tricks, was fondly affectionate and uncommonly docile. Between the two was that strength of attachment which only those beings feel who have but a single object to love in all the wide world.

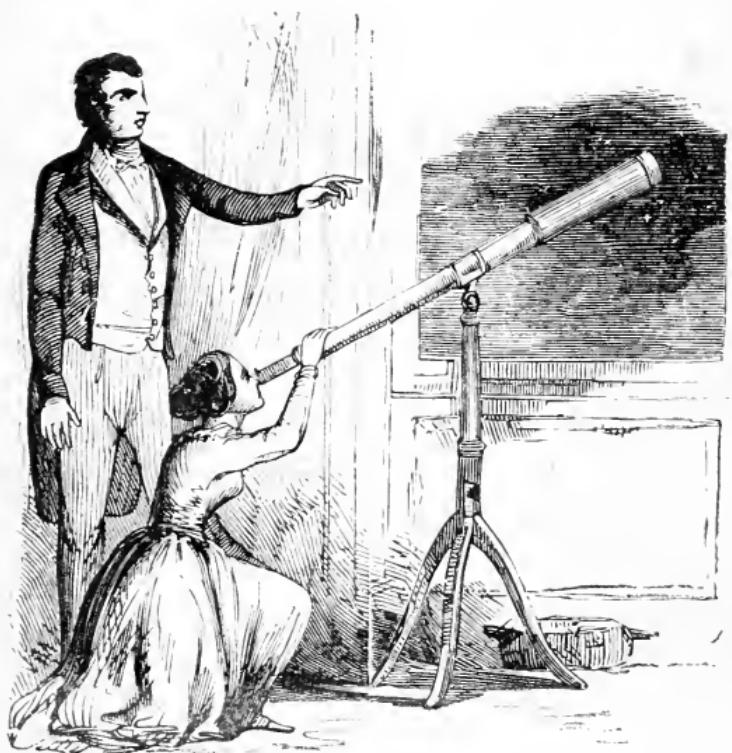
Few persons, probably, have ever attempted to make a *parrot* useful ; but this one — so well taught and obedient was she — would bring to her mistress's order any small article, such as a thimble or spool of thread, and again, when commanded, return it to its place. Thus they lived — Poll and her mistress — year after year, few persons ever intruding upon their solitude.

But one day a gentleman who was passing had his attention attracted to the house by the unnatural screeching of the bird and its wild fluttering against the window. On entering, he

found Sarah, the mistress, lying upon her bed, very ill—dying. She had only sufficient strength to say that she had not left her bed for more than a week, and that Polly had all the while furnished her with food from a closet in the room, till to-night, finding her dear mistress could eat nothing, she had given the alarm and summoned aid. Begging the gentleman to be kind to poor Poll, Sarah died.

Some women came and prepared the body for the grave. From her cage, just by the head of the bed, the bird, silent, and apparently wondering, watched the proceedings; and when all was finished, and she saw her beloved mistress lying there so still, she addressed her with the customary “Good night, Sarah,” many times repeated.

At last, as though convinced that the ever kind voice would reply to her no more, and like one who feels that henceforth he is desolate, friendless, the parrot turned sorrowfully away, and in plaintive tones bemoaned herself: “Poor Poll! Poor, *poor* Poll!”



CLOSE OF SCHOOL, WITH A GIFT FOR THE TEACHER.

DEAR TEACHER: Your pupils would thank you to-day
For all your kind labors our minds to improve ;
And though we well know we can never repay,
Be pleased to accept this small token of love.

We hope to your mind it may often recall
The days and the weeks here so pleasantly passed ;
And trust that your teachings will be by us all
Remembered and practised while days and weeks last.

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LOST EDWIN.

CHILDREN, here is a story which, if you are too young to read for yourselves, you may ask sister or mamma to read for you; and if she is so kind as to gratify you, we do not think she will afterward be sorry on the account. It is a true story, though a sad one; but it is well for us sometimes to hear and think about the sufferings of others; it makes our hearts pitiful and thankful at the same time. It makes us patient, too, when *we* are afflicted, to know how much greater have been the misfortunes of many who were as deserving as we — perhaps much more so.

Edwin was a dear little boy, seven years old. He lived with his parents in a part of New England where delicious sugar is made from the juice, or sap, of maple trees.

It was just at the sugar season,—March, or the beginning of April,—and Mr. Stevens, Edwin's father, was busily working in his sugar place. One day, a little before noon, the boy's mother put some food in a small basket, and

told him it was for his father's dinner, and that he might carry it to him in the woods.

Edwin was pleased to go, and, hurrying on his cap and mittens, caught up the basket and started, followed closely by a large black dog he called his own, and which he loved very dearly. The dog, too, loved his young master as well as it is possible for an animal to love a human being; and you know that some dumb creatures, especially dogs, are capable of very strong attachment to those who use them kindly.

Mrs. Stevens called after her son when he had gone as far as the door, asking him to wait till she could tie a comforter around his neck, for the south wind was blowing chilly. Edwin obeyed his mother as he always did; though, as she came with the comforter, he said, laughing,—

“I don't think I shall feel the cold, *I'm so tough.*”

“You are sure you know the way?” said his mother.

“O, yes,” answered the boy. “Why, don't you remember, I've been there alone ever so many times this spring?”

“Yes; but you had only to follow the path in the snow then; now the snow is nearly all gone. Rover,” continued Mrs. Stevens, turning to the dog, that stood just before Edwin, looking back at him, and, by a short, quick bark, manifesting

its impatience to set off,—“Rover, hear me now. You mustn’t leave Edwin for any thing; but you must keep with him and let nothing hurt him.”

The animal seemed to listen and understand; for he ran to the side of Mrs. Stevens, wagging his tail and whining, as if he wanted to say, “I will not leave my dear young master.”

Edwin’s mother watched him and his dog as they started away across the field towards the spot where the blue smoke could be seen curling upward from among the maple trees. Whenever Rover found a squirrel’s or rabbit’s track, he would follow it a little distance, barking fiercely; but he never went far before he appeared to recollect the charge given him by his mistress; so he would bound back again to Edwin, and leap upon him, licking his hands and face to show his own delight and the love he felt for his little master. Then the boy would call him “good fellow,” and laugh so loud that his mother could hear him at the house after he had got into the woods out of her sight.

It was quite dusk when Mr. Stevens came home, and he was all alone; Edwin was not with him, neither was Rover. When Edwin’s mother saw this she grew very much alarmed, and began making inquiries. Mr. Stevens replied that he had not seen his son since morning.

Then both the parents knew that their dear little boy was lost ; and it is impossible to tell how badly they felt. They ran to the woods and called, “ Edwin ! Edwin ! ” a great many times, as loud as ever they could ; but only echo answered, and an owl that sat away up in a tall tree kept asking, “ Who ? who ? ” as if to mock them.

The poor mother wrung her hands and cried for her lost boy all that long night ; while the father hurried from one neighbor’s to another, telling them what a sad thing had happened, and begging them to come and help him search for the child.

As you will readily believe, they were all anxious to do so ; and at daylight a good many people commenced the search, which lasted all that day, and the next, and the next. On the fourth day after Edwin was lost, his little dead body was found. It lay stretched beside a log in the woods, far away from his home. Poor Edwin ! How dreadfully he must have felt when he knew that he was lost, and wandered about, trying in vain to find his way out of the thick woods, and when the dark night came, and he had no kind parent near, no warm supper to eat, and no nice bed to sleep in, but, hungry, and tired, and frightened, had to lie down on the

damp leaves, with no blanket to protect him from the chilly air! Poor boy!

But you will want to hear about the dog. He was found lying by his little master's side, still alive, though nearly starved; and when the people approached he moaned most pitifully. He was carried home and tenderly nursed till he was strong again. Rover was a young dog then; but, though he lived to be old, he never forgot Edwin. Whenever he heard that name pronounced, he would drop down where he stood, and whine just so pitifully as he did when watching by his master's corpse away in the thick, dark wood.

Rover was loved by the family for Edwin's sake, and they felt grateful to him for watching the poor boy's remains so faithfully, and keeping off the ravenous wild beasts, so his parents could look once more upon the face of their darling son, and make him a little grave in the garden among the pretty pinks and roses.

A LITTLE CHAT.

Do you love to read, little boys and girls ? Are you fond of taking up a book or newspaper at home and reading from it some pleasant story ? Because there are some children who dislike to read, and hardly ever do it except in their class at school, and even then would rather be idle or at play.

Now, such children never learn to read well, though they go to school a great deal. When they grow to be men and women, and attempt to read, they will most likely have to spell long words before pronouncing them, and will, after all, make a good many mistakes.

When there is nothing to prevent, you should read a little every day ; then you will learn to read correctly while you are young, and, besides, will be constantly finding out something interesting or useful, which those idle, indolent children may never know.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

WAKE, my darling — open those eyes,
Bright and blue as the summer skies ;
Wake, O wake, 'tis the early dawn ;
Prettiest blossoms gem the lawn ;
Dandelions, yellow as gold,
Plenty as stars, begin to unfold ;
Honeysuckles and daisies sweet
Are every where beside the feet ;
Like flecks of sky, or sun, or snow,
The little beauty violets glow.

These, and more, you may garland where
They have scented the morning air ;
While the birds, as gay as the flowers,
Blithely sing in the fresh, green bowers ;
The lark, and robin, with scarlet breast,
The thrush, the wren, and orange crest,
All have their finest harps attuned
To welcome the lovely empress, June ;
And what would darling think to see
In that wee nest high up in the tree ?

Some little girls, and boys as well,
Have grown up tall, yet could not tell,
Though, very ashamed, they did their best,
Whether the sun rose east or west,





And were forced to own to great and small
They never had seen it rise at all.
Now, my dear, would you be more wise,
From your bed you must early rise ;
Once in the air, the hardship's o'er ;
Sleepy and dull you'll feel no more.

THROW IT AWAY.

Boy, throw away that cigar, and never light another. You imagine, do you, that it looks manly to be seen puffing away in that style? Then you are much mistaken. Depend upon it, such foolish and injurious practices will never gain for you the respect of any one whose respect is worth having. The use of tobacco is poisonous to the system, often producing the most dreadful and fatal diseases. The best physicians will tell you this; they will likewise tell you that it creates an appetite for intoxicating drinks. Then break off this filthy habit at once, and abstain from it forever.

LITTLE MARY.

MARY is a very good child, and so she is a happy child ; for being good always makes people happy. Would you like to know how she is good, that you may be like her ? I will tell you. She always tries to do just as her parents bid her ; and when she is away from them and is going to do any thing, she stops and thinks whether it would be pleasing to them. When they are speaking to her she pays attention, and tries to remember all the good advice they give her.

Mary has two brothers and a little sister ; and could you see how kind she is to them, you would not wonder that they love her so dearly. Whenever she has any thing which they would like, she is quite willing to share with them ; then she enjoys her portion all the better. She loves to teach the younger ones the things she has learned. She takes care of them as much as she can, and in that way helps her mother a great deal. Now, do you not think Mary a good girl ?

HALF OBEDIENCE.

MR. LESTER has in his garden a young peach tree, which, last season, had on it three fine peaches—the first it had ever borne. This tree had been purchased at a high price, and cultivated with great care; it was beginning to repay its owner for his money and attention.

Wishing to test the quality of the fruit, Mr. Lester, when the peaches were nearly ripe, cautioned all his family against picking them; and to his son Thomas he said, “ You must not go near the peach tree.”

That afternoon Mr. Lester went away from home. Thomas was not at his books, nor employed in any way, but went idly rambling over the grounds, trying to amuse himself; it isn’t surprising that he got into mischief.

“ I wonder,” thought he, “ what made pa tell me this morning not to go near the new peach tree; for of course it couldn’t do any hurt just to look at the peaches, without touching them. I want to see whether they are very large, and

if they're going to be red cheeked. I wouldn't pick one for any thing."

It seemed to Thomas rather unkind of his father to give the command he had; very likely, too, he believed that his disobedience would never be known, though that ought not to have made any difference; and he turned in at the gate and went through the garden to the corner where the peach tree grew.

There hung the peaches, all on the same branch, and looking as large and yellow almost as oranges.

"How fast they ripen!" said Thomas to himself, with his hand shading his eyes from the sun, and looking directly up at the three peaches. "And they are going to be nice—the nicest I ever saw. I guess they are getting mellow now; I'll see."

He climbed up on the wall, and, reaching as far as he could, grasped the laden branch with one hand, while with the other he felt one of the peaches between his thumb and finger, very gently; then tried to draw the bough nearer, that he might smell the excellent fruit. That moment a sudden gust of wind carried the limb away, and the peach he held was snapped from the stem.

Sorry and frightened, Thomas knew not what to do. Jumping to the ground, he leaned against

the wall, almost crying; then looked towards the house, fearful that he had been watched by some one. No one was to be seen, however; so he felt quite sure that what he had done was known only to himself. Now he thought of leaving the peach under the tree, and letting his father suppose it had been blown off by the wind.

But he knew that would be doing another wrong thing. He knew that, though no man, or woman, or child had seen him pull off the peach, God saw him; and though by sinning again he might escape the displeasure of his father, yet his heavenly Father, who could not be deceived, would be much more displeased with him on that account.

Then he tried to think it was an accident, for which he was not to blame, and so excuse himself from telling his father what had happened; but he knew that, had he obeyed the command not to go near the tree, the accident would not have happened. He saw now his father's wisdom and goodness, and his own folly and naughtiness.

Thomas at last made the best resolve he could have made—resolved to go to his father as soon as he should come home, confess his fault freely, and beg forgiveness. Mr. Lester would not so much regret the plucking of the fruit, though he had wished it to remain on the tree a few days

longer, as he would regret to know that his son did not love to obey him. From that day's experience Thomas learned to trust his parents and do exactly as he was bidden, even when he could not perfectly understand the reasons for their commands. He had seen that half obedience is no obedience.

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THE PEARLS.

MARGARET was a very little girl when her mother died. The most that she could remember about her was, being taken from her own crib to her mother's bed once in the middle of the night, feeling herself clasped in arms that chilled through her thin nightdress, and having a Bible put in her hands, while those lips, so strangely white, trembled with the prayer — “Father in heaven, grant that in this holy book my Pearl may find the pearl of great price!” The child knew that the name Margaret signifies a pearl; but she did not know what is meant by the pearl of great price. She thought her mother must be thinking of a string of pearls which Margaret's uncle had lately sent her from the Indies, and which were lost on the passage.

Next morning they told her that her dear mamma was dead. They placed her body in a coffin, carried it out, and lowered it into a deep, dark grave.

One Sunday, quite a long time afterwards, Margaret, because she had a severe cold, was

left at home while all the rest of the family went to meeting. As she sat all alone, she recalled the prayer of her dying mother.

“How could dear mamma have thought,” Margaret asked herself, “that I might find her lost pearls in that little Bible? But I will get it and search it through, and find them, if they are there.”

She brought out the Bible from its safe place, and turned the leaves carefully from beginning to end, but found no string of pearls, nor any place where such a thing could be hidden.

Then she read in her Bible — Margaret had learned to read very well. It taught her about Jesus, the Savior of sinners, and about God the Father, who, for Jesus Christ’s sake, will give a new heart to every one who asks him, so that they may do good as long as they live, and when they die will go to live with him in heaven forever.

Margaret went to her chamber, kneeled there, and prayed God that he would, for his Son’s sake, be so merciful as to give *her* a new heart. He heard the dear child’s simple prayer, and answered it. Margaret was given a new heart. Then she knew that the pearl of great price, the pearl worth far more than all the pearls in the sea, is RELIGION.

TO MY KITTEN.

PLAYFUL, pretty little creature,
How I love your every feature !
Love to see your form so sprightly
O'er the carpet prancing lightly ;
Many a comic caper trying —
Braving now, now coying, shying ;
On some fancied titmouse creeping,
While the luckless thing is sleeping —
Noiselessly, lest noise should wake him,
And he choose you should not take him ;
Crouching low, and gently swaying
Right and left your tail, betraying
Well-feigned eagerness and caution
In your every look and motion.

Had my workbox voice, Miss Kitty,
More than one veracions ditty
Might it sing of rare disorder
Wrought by you within its border —
Pins and needles mingled, scattered ;
Silken skeins immensely tattered ;
Extra eyelet holes, in plenty,
Pierced in lawns and laces dainty ;
Thimble set with scissors wrangling ;
Cottons overboard sent angling,
Fast the legs of chairs and table
Binding with that baby cable.

Ah, you knew 'twas mischief, clearly,
To be punished most severely ;
Else why was your frolic quitted
When your mistress was admitted ?
Why, before one word was spoken,
Was your merry pastime broken,
And you, like a chamois able,
Bounding brisk o'er chair and table ?
O, if then I could have caught you,
Lessons sweet had scarce been taught you !
But your pranks, so shrewd and varied,
Greater wrath than mine had parried.

Gentle pet, I love you dearly ;
Now, as evening fire shines cheerly,
On the hearthrug you are coiling,
Shunning out-of-door embroiling ;
In your bed, soft, warm, and cosy,
Purring still, though getting dozy.
How your eyes like diamonds glisten,
And your ears point up to listen,
When is heard a timid squeaking,
Mouse to mouse in whisper speaking !
Ah, they're safe behind the ceiling ;
So, your supple body wheeling
Into an untried position,
Sink away to clever vision.

Now again you're up and doing,
Zealously your tail pursuing :
First your paw is velvet purely ;
Then 'tis thorns, and nought else, surely :
Ho ! your spine is vastly curving ;
Much you need a surgeon's serving.
Pretty, playful little kitten,
Half your wiles are yet unwritten.

THE BROTHERS AND THEIR DOG.

“ WHERE is father ? ” asked Charles Tracy, as he and his younger brother Edward came into the room where their mother was sitting.

“ He has gone to the post office,” replied Mrs. Tracy.

The two boys went into the back room and hung up their straw hats on some nails that had been driven for them ; for the little lads were not like those children who seldom wait on themselves when they can as well as not, and have a habit of leaving their things strewed about, to be put away by some one else.

When they came back and sat down by the window, their mother asked,—

“ Have you had a good play this evening, my sons ? ”

“ That we have,” both answered at once.

“ The moon is as round as a cart wheel,” said Eddy.

“ And makes it lighter out doors than two lamps make this room,” said Charley.

“ I thought of calling you into the house half

an hour ago," said their mother; "for I saw that a damp fog was rising, and the dew was beginning to sparkle on the grass, and I feared you might catch cold."

"O mother," said Charley, laughing, "there's no cold to catch. I fairly sweat all the time; didn't you, Eddy?"

"Yes," answered his brother; "but that was because we played so hard. My knees got real damp creeping along behind the currant bushes to hide, you know. I thought then 'twas time to come in; but I didn't feel ready, and I knew Charley didn't either. Then I remembered hearing you say, mother, that nobody is so apt to get cold while they exercise freely as when they are standing or sitting still; and I concluded we were safe enough."

"Now," said Charley, "I think that's just how the cucumber vines and things in the garden keep from getting frostbitten, if the wind blows. The wind, you see, flutters them this way and that way; and it's all the same as for us to fly round at play, isn't it, mother?"

"You are not quite right, my son," said Mrs. Tracy. "I will help you to understand the difference."

"Please do, mother," said both boys.

"Can you tell me, Edward," proceeded his

mother, "why it is that persons are less likely to catch cold while exercising?"

The boy thought a moment, and then replied,—

"I suppose it is because exercise keeps us warm."

"Now," said Mrs. Tracy again, "let's hear if Charley can tell how exercise keeps the body warm."

"I think," said the lad, "it must be because it keeps the blood warm and in rapid circulation."

"Very well, my son," said his mother; "but the vines about which you were speaking have no warm blood. How, then, does action save them from getting chilled?"

The boys did not know; so they only looked at each other, then at their mother, and waited for her to explain. Mrs. Tracy bade them look out the window upon the garden vines and see leaves glisten in the moonlight, as if they were wet.

"O, they *are* wet," said Charley—"wet with dew."

"Now, suppose," said his mother, "the air was so cold as to freeze the dew; what would it then be?"

"Frost," said the boys.

"And now I understand," said Charley. "The wind blows off the dew from the leaves, so it doesn't settle there to make frost."

"Father's come," said Eddy; and just then Mr. Tracy opened the door and entered the room with a letter in his hand. He looked as if he had heard some pleasing news.

"What friend has written us now?" inquired Mrs. Tracy.

"My brother," replied Mr. Tracy; "and he says he shall be here in a day or two to make us a visit."

Mrs. Tracy looked smiling too, and said she was very glad.

"Who is it?" asked Eddy, coming up and laying his hand on his father's knee. "Please tell Charley and I who it is that sent you that letter and is coming to see us."

"Your uncle Charles Edward, my son. You have never seen him yet, nor Charley either, since he can remember, I guess."

"No," said Charley; "but you and mother have told us about him sometimes; and I know that brother and I were named for him. Does uncle know that, papa?"

"Yes, my boy; and if you will listen you shall hear what he writes about it."

The boys sat very quietly while their father read over the letter. Towards the close their

uncle wrote that he should bring a present for the two little fellows who were called by his name. At this both boys clapped their hands, crying out, —

“O, I wonder what it will be!”

“What would suit you best?” asked their father.

“O, I don’t know,” said Charley; “let me see.”

“I hope,” said Eddy, “it will be a kite that will fly all days alike. Ours never can be got up ten feet only when the air is just right.”

“I think my son would find it a difficult matter to get a kite that would rise as well when the air is heavy and foul as when it is clear and there is a light breeze blowing. I fear your uncle will not bring that, at least,” returned his father.

“It is near nine o’clock,” said Mrs. Tracy, putting by her sewing; “we had better all go to bed now. Perhaps you, Charles and Edward, may dream what your dear uncle’s present is to be,” she added, with a smile.

Mr. Tracy now took the family Bible from the stand and read a chapter; then he knelt down, and his wife knelt on one side of him, and his two children on the other, while he thanked their kind heavenly Father for taking so good care of them, and begged him to help them and all

people to serve him, for Christ's sake. Then the family retired for the night.

The boys had been helping their father in the field during the day, as they usually did when school did not keep; for Mr. Tracy knew it is better for children to work a part of the time; and Charley and Eddy loved to do as he wished they should.

This working, and the brisk play they had enjoyed afterwards, tired the boys just enough to make them sleep soundly and sweetly. Had they done nothing all the day but walk about a little or sit in a chair and doze, they would very likely have been restless all night, and in the morning would have felt more dull and weary than when they went to bed.

They fell asleep presently, and knew nothing more till their father came to the door of their chamber and called out,—

“ Come, my boys; up — up! Breakfast is ready; and don't you see the sun has climbed to the very top of the hill, and is laughing at you through the curtain? ”

After rubbing their eyes a moment and yawning once or twice, the brothers sprang up and dressed themselves, and went down stairs to wash their faces and hands and be ready to go with their parents to the breakfast table.

“What did you dream about uncle’s coming?” whispered Eddy.

“Nothing at all,” returned his brother; “what did you?”

“Why,” said Edward, “it seems as if I dreamed something about it, but I can’t remember what.”

“Have you thought that our present may be something that is alive — a parrot, or a monkey? I expect they have such things away off there where he has been.”

By this time the boys were called to take their places at table. They ate toast, and drank clear, cold water with a fine relish, and felt bright and strong. Breakfast and prayers being over, Mr. Tracy said,—

“Well, boys, are you going to cut as many cornstalks to-day as you did yesterday?”

“Yes, father,” they answered; “we will finish the piece to-day; that’s what we planned when we quit work last night.”

Their father said he should think them smart boys if they did; then he turned to their mother, and told her that Charley and Eddy were more and more useful to him every day, and that, with their help, he thought he should soon be able to carry on the farm without hiring a man. The boys put on their hats, took their sickles in their hands, and hastened away to the field.

They labored busily till noon. After dinner they rested a while before returning to the field. Then again they worked away with a will, nor stopped once to play, till, just as they were called to supper, the last of the stalks was down.

Feeling quite proud of their day's work, Charley and Eddy ran away as fast as they could towards the house, and soon overtook Mr. Tracy, and his hired man, Thomas, and told them what they had done. The four walked on together in a path which the cows had made in going to the farm yard at night and back to their pasture in the morning.

“There comes the stage coach over the hill!” cried one of the boys.

“Hurrah!” cried the other. “Now, what will you bet uncle isn't in it?”

“I should not want to bet on that or anything else if I was a boy like either of you,” remarked Mr. Tracy. “I hardly expect, though, to see your uncle before to-morrow at this time.”

But the expected visitor was really there, as they presently knew when the stage driver drew up his six gray horses before Mr. Tracy's gate and a young-looking man alighted from the coach.

Mr. Tracy hurried round to the front of the house to meet his brother; Mrs. Tracy set her

teapot down quickly, and went to the door to shake hands with him and invite him into the parlor; but the boys, feeling a trifle shy of their stranger uncle, stopped in the back room to brush their hair and put on their jackets before being seen.

“Did you see what it was uncle had in his arms when he got out of the stage?” asked Charley.

“No,” replied his brother; “I only had a glimpse of him, and didn’t see that he had anything.”

“But he did,” said Charley. “It looked about as large as one of mother’s shoes, and was black as any shoe.”

“Well, any way,” said Eddy, “I hope he will open his trunk right away after supper and give us what he is going to, for I am in a hurry to see what it is.”

“So am I,” said Charley; “but he mus’n’t hear us say so, or he’d think us bold and rude.”

“Halloo here!” exclaimed they both. “What’s this? and where did it come from?”

It was a very small Newfoundland puppy, with hair long, black, and curly, and eyes clear and shining as glass buttons. The little thing came trotting up to Charley and Eddy, wagging his tail and looking into their faces good naturedly, as if in haste to make friends.

When the boys saw this they forgot all about trying to appear well in their uncle's eyes, and ran into the supper room, with the little dog galloping after their heels, and called out,—

“Father, mother, do see this bit of a dog! We never saw any thing half so cunning. Is it uncle's dog? Is it?”

“How do you do, my fine little namesakes?” said the uncle, coming forward to take a hand of each of his nephews.

Charley and Eddy blushed to think how boisterous they had just now been, and, sobering at once, answered their uncle's question as politely as they knew how.

“Very well, thank you,” they said.

“Nice lads,” said their uncle. “Now I will tell you about the dog. You wanted to know if he was mine. No, he isn't. He was mine this morning; but to-night he is yours. I brought him as the present I promised you.”

The boys thanked their uncle, and said that nothing he could have brought would have pleased them so much as a dog; and this, they were sure, was the funniest dog that ever wagged a tail. They wondered they had not thought of a dog when they were guessing what their uncle meant to bring them.

“But,” said Eddy, “Thomas will have to take care and not shoot him for a rat one of

these fine days. Take off the creature's shag coat, and I don't believe he'd be an inch bigger than one he shot last week in the granary. I shall carry him to the field in my pocket, so as to have him ready to set on to the cattle when they are unruly."

" You please wait six or eight months, young master, and then you'll have to tell a different story," said the uncle.

" What ! do you mean that he will grow large by that time ? " asked Charley.

" I shall wonder if, before next year this time, he isn't large enough and stout enough to handle both of you," replied their uncle.

" O uncle ! uncle ! I can hardly believe that titmouse of a dog will ever get large," said the boys.

" We'll stuff him well with white bread and milk, and see what we can make of him ; won't we, Eddy ? " said the youngest little boy. " He shall be mine as much as yours, and yours as much as mine."

When tea was over, the little brothers began to talk about their dog again.

" He's black as ink," said Eddy.

" Ink is of various colors," said his father, " and may be red or blue as well as black."

" Well, then, I say he's jet black," said the boy.

“ That will do,” said his mother.

Neither of the boys had thought until now to ask what was the puppy’s name. Their uncle said it had no name; so they might give him one to suit themselves.

The boys called over every dog’s name they could think of; but none quite suited them. They wanted him to have a different name from any of the neighbors’ dogs, they said. So at last they went to their uncle and asked him to name the puppy.

Their uncle inquired how they would like to call him Pontiff. Both Charles and Edward were much pleased with that name. It was just the right one, they said. So the little dog had a name.

His young masters thought he liked it as well as they; for it was no more than two or three days before he would come to them from as far as he could hear, running as fast as his tiny legs would let him, when they called, “ Pontiff, Pontiff.”

The dog is a very sagacious and tractable animal; which means, as perhaps you know, quick of thought and easily taught. Newfoundland dogs, in particular, possess an instinct that amounts almost to reason.

The boys were well pleased to see that Pontiff could very soon learn whatever any one tried

to teach him. Their uncle, before he went away, taught him many curious tricks. But he used to tell Charley and Eddy that they must never get out of patience with Pontiff, and treat him unkindly, if some time he should not learn so fast as they wished.

“If you expect a dog, a horse, or any other animal to try to please you,” he would say, “you must handle it gently, and not roughly.”

Their uncle was a good man, who feared God, and meant always to be merciful and kind, like the blessed Savior. He would not willingly hurt any living creature; and he used often to remind the little brothers that the same great God who made them and all people made likewise all animals, and cares for even the little sparrows. They could read that in the New Testament.

At the beginning, the Creator gave man power over the cattle, the fowls, the fishes, and every creeping thing, but not to abuse any of them. Nothing can be done any where but God sees it. He cannot be pleased when the cruel man beats his horse or oxen; nor when the naughty, thoughtless child finds sport in throwing stones at some poor kitten, or torturing flies, or doing any such thing. Even toads, and worms, and other reptiles not pretty to look at should never be made to suffer unnecessarily. Those who do such

things are wicked; and the Bible says God is angry with the wicked.

By the next spring, sure enough, Pontiff had grown to be a very large dog. The boys used to wish their uncle could meet him somewhere now and see if he would know him. His hair was very long, and as curly and glossy as ever; and though he was so large, he was not the least clumsy, as large dogs are apt to be, but was spry as a cat; so his little masters said, when he would stand on the ground and leap over their heads.

In rainy days, Mrs. Tracy would send Pontiff to the school house with the boys' dinner. It was an amusing sight to see him go trotting along the street, carrying the little basket in his mouth; and he never so much as raised the white cloth that was spread over it, to see what Charley and Eddy were going to have to eat.

The first time he got there before school was out he scratched at the door, and was very impatient to be let in. It happened that Master Edward's class was spelling; and every time the dog heard his voice he would bark, as if he tried to say, "Here, I have brought your dinner." But he soon learned a better way; which was, to set down the basket in the entry, and, lying by it, watch it quietly till the boys came out.

The other scholars, for sport, used to try many

ways to get Pontiff to let them have the basket; but he would not; he was faithful, and knew his duty better. He could neither be coaxed nor driven, but would stand and defend his trust, growling and showing his great white teeth when any of them ventured too near. But the moment that Charley or Eddy appeared, Pontiff would wag his tail and whine good naturedly, as much as to say,—

“ Yes, yes, my dear masters, you may take the basket, because you have a right to it.”

Then one and another of the children would feed him bits of food as long as he would eat, making him pay for it by “speaking,” or rolling over, or “shaking hands.” I rather think some of their mothers would have preferred that they should eat all their dinner themselves, instead of sharing it with a dog that was allowed plenty to eat at home; but I do not know; and, at all events, the boys and girls had many a merry time of it.

There was a lake not far from Mr. Tracy’s house; and sometimes, when he was not too busy, he would take the boys and their mother in a little boat and row out on the water. Pontiff always went with them, and seemed to enjoy the ride as much as any one.

One day, when they had sailed away across the lake, and had gathered as many beautiful

white lilies as they chose to carry home, and come back to within a few rods of the shore, Mr. Tracy took out his pocket knife to cut off a splinter from one of the oars, and accidentally dropped it into the water. You can imagine how quickly it sank to the bottom of the lake, far out of sight.

Before there was time for a word to be spoken, Pontiff leaped over the side of the boat and made a dive after the lost knife. Little Eddy screamed and cried; for he thought that in such deep water his dog would be sure to drown.

But Pontiff was in no danger. Presently he rose to the surface of the water, but refused to come into the boat, for he had not yet found what he sought. After breathing a moment he went down again, and this time brought up the knife in his mouth.

The boys laughed heartily to see him climb into the boat, the water running in streams from his long hair. They called him, "Good fellow! good fellow!" He carried the knife directly to Mr. Tracy, and then sat down in the middle of the boat and looked around, as if he felt very proud of what he had done, and expected every one to praise him.

This might be well enough for a dog, but children should never feel proud because they have done any one a kindness; it is our *duty* to do all

the good we can; and surely we ought not to feel wronged when we fail to get praise for doing what is our duty. Children should strive to do right, but not that they may get praise. Much praise is very apt to injure young persons, by making them vain and conceited. Then sometimes they think themselves good enough already, and so do not try to grow better; which is a great mistake for any one. None but God, who always does right, is deserving of all praise.

I am sorry to say that Eddy, who was in most respects a very good boy, had one bad fault. When any thing went amiss with him he was apt to get angry, and then sometimes he would hold sullen for an hour or two.

Now, you may be sure, if boys or girls get into the habit of letting their temper rise whenever things do not go exactly to suit them, they will very often fancy that they have cause to be displeased.

Eddy, when he was angry at one thing, was angry at every thing and every body. He loved his schoolfellows; but if one of them did him some little mischief as they came along, he would go home pouting, and hardly speak pleasantly to his brother, or even his mother, during the rest of the afternoon.

He was always cross to his playfellow the dog, too, at such times, though he loved him

very dearly. If Pontiff came up, wagging his bushy tail and looking affectionately into his master's face, as if to ask what was the matter, the boy would deal him a smart blow, and cry sharply, "Get out, Pont!"

All this was very naughty and wicked; and I am sure that, had our young friend stopped and considered what dreadful deeds are committed under the influence of just such a temper as he was indulging, he would, the next time he felt his angry passions rising, have tried very hard to check them; and if he had tried steadily, he would in a short time have grown mild and amiable, instead of passionate and spiteful.

Little Edward well knew that his bad temper had given his parents many sad feelings. They often told him of the sinfulness of letting one's passions rise; and while he was listening, and every thing around was calm and pleasant, he would think he should not get angry so easily again; but afterwards, when something provoked him, he forgot to care for such good instructions, and did not try hard enough to keep his good resolutions; and so he was left to sin as before.

One day Mr. Tracy gave his sons leave to go fishing. They were very glad, and said to each other that they would have fine sport. Their mother bade them take care not to fall into the

lake. They promised that they would be very careful.

Putting their hooks and lines and bait in their pockets, and taking their light fishing rods across their shoulders, the brothers set off, with Pontiff at their side. In a quarter of an hour they had reached the shore of the lake.

“See!” said Charley, pointing; “there lie two logs side by side—one end in the water, and the other end on the land. Let’s walk out on them, and we shall have a grand chance to fish.”

“So we will,” said Eddy; “that’s just the place for us.”

They got ready their hooks, and went out one on each of the logs, which did not sink much under their weight. Pontiff followed his younger master, and, as soon as he saw him cast his hook into the water, crouched down close to the log and lay there perfectly quiet.

“We’ve got him fairly learned that he must keep still when we are fishing,” said Eddy, good humoredly.

“Tisn’t every dog that could be learned so much, any how,” said Charley; “but, in spite of all we could do, they would go crashing round, and frighten every fish that came near.”

“I never saw them more plenty,” said Eddy, looking down into the water, where a great many

fishes were darting and winding about, apparently very happy.

"Yes; we shall each of us carry home a good full string, I'm thinking," said Charley.

Charley's hook scarcely touched the water when he had a bite; and he threw out one, two, three fishes, while as yet his brother caught none. Eddy at once grew vexed and excited, so that, instead of moving his hook gently along, he jerked it right and left, and not a fish dared touch it. It was a mere accident at first that he caught fewer fish than his brother; afterwards it was his own fault; but he would not think so, and became more and more irritated as Charley's good luck continued.

When any person indulges wrong feelings, he cannot do as well for himself as he could if his mood was calm and pleasant; and so you see it was with Eddy Tracy. He could not prosper.

At length Charley drew out a fish finer and larger than any he had caught before.

"There!" exclaimed his brother, angrily; "I should have got that fellow myself, only Pont was here to scare him away."

"You may have it," replied Charley. "I'll divide with you all I catch."

But Eddy did not care for this; and, stooping down, he gave the innocent dog a kick and a push, which sent him splashing into the deep

water. In doing this naughty deed, the boy lost his foothold and fell in also. He found that doing evil to another brings evil on ourselves.

Charley sprang to assist his brother; but being very much frightened, and the log on which Eddy had stood being slippery, his feet slipped, and he, too, fell into the water. Eddy saw it, and thought,—

“Pontiff will save my brother, but he will never try to save such a cruel boy as I. O, how sorry I am for my unkind and wicked behavior!” And then he went down into the dark water, and forgot every thing.

But the dog was better disposed than Eddy thought. He was swimming for the shore, when he saw that his angry little master had fallen in after him. Pontiff turned and swam stoutly back, and, when the boy rose, grasped him by the coat collar, and carried him safely to the beach.

When Eddy opened his eyes, he found Pontiff licking his hands and Charley wiping the water from his face. The elder brother had clung to one of the logs, and so had managed to pull himself out of the water. The younger boy well knew that but for the noble dog he must have lost his own life.

This cured Eddy of getting angry at trifles; and I believe he ever afterwards used all dumb

creatures kindly. He always felt very grateful to Pontiff. Don't you think he had cause? The animal had returned good for evil, and thus had set an example well worthy of imitation. But Eddy felt sorry and ashamed of himself when he remembered his former conduct, and wished from his heart he had broken off his bad habit before it led him and others into so much trouble. Will not all the children who read this story try to be always kind and gentle, and so please their parents and friends, and the great God who gives them so many good things?

*





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